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THE SWEEPING CONSERVATIVE victory in Canada goes far beyond all expectations even to insuring a clear majority for the Conservatives in the House of Commons. That the time was ripe for a change, even had there been no major issue, is plain. But there is no gainsaying the meaning of this outcome: the Conservatives were given the government thanks largely to Herbert Hoover and the Smoot-Hawley tariff. Unemployment was an issue and so was the plight of the farmer, but the tariff question predominated. The Canadian electorate felt that the time had come to make a stand against the United States and treat us to a dose of our own bitter tariff medicine. No less than $500,000,000 is the estimate the New York *Times* gives of the impending loss to the foreign trade of the United States if the Conservatives carry through their tariff reprisals. Why should they not? It is certainly time somebody taught the United States a sharp lesson that two can play the tariff game. Just now several are at it. Spain, France, and Germany have all acted. The Argentine is deeply stirred and is unofficially boycotting us. Now if Matthew Woll and the Fish committee and other seekers after notoriety by means of attacks upon Russia succeed in cutting off our commerce with that country with its vast potentialities, our foreign trade will be crippled and the task of disposing of our huge surplus crops and merchandise more difficult than ever. Even the vast wealth and power of the United States cannot be indefinitely maintained if we persist, by a short-sighted tariff policy, in flouting or ignoring the rest of the world.

SENATOR SIMEON FESS in place of Claudius Huston as Republican National Chairman? It would seem incredible if President Hoover's attitude toward Huston had not itself been incredible ever since the revelations which have made Mr. Huston's remaining in this office a stench in the nostrils of all decent Republicans. There can be only one interpretation placed upon the choice of Senator Fess: President Hoover wishes it known that he has definitely thrown in his lot with the most reactionary elements in the Republican Party. There is nothing even faintly progressive or liberal about the Senator from Ohio. In his point of view and general outlook he belongs back in the gay nineties with William McKinley. A more uninspiring chairman was certainly never chosen for a high political position. His personality is cold, his speeches are dull, lifeless, and certain to weary his audiences. The only groups that this selection will please are the ultra-dry Methodist and Baptist parts of the electorate. From now on we hope that no one will talk about the liberalism of Mr. Hoover or of his desire to make over the Republican Party along modern and progressive lines. The breach between himself and the Progressive wing of the party is complete.

ONCE MORE MR. HOOVER shows his hand, in his extraordinary letter to Representative Reece of Tennessee in which he goes out of his way to deliver a slap at that gallant soldier, Senator Norris of Nebraska. "I hear," writes the President,

> that your opponents are charging you with failure to serve the interests of your constituents because you refused to accept the Senate plan for dealing with Muscle Shoals. The fact is that the House plan will secure developments of this great resource more effectively and more greatly in the interest of Tennessee than would the Senate plan. I am assured that the Senate plan cannot be passed in the House. Nor would I approve the plan, because it is not in the interest of Tennessee or the rest of the nation. . . .

We thus have the almost unprecedented spectacle of a President of the United States taking the trouble to become a partisan in a primary fight between two candidates of his own party. That this is undignified and humiliating even Mr. Hoover's friends must see. But he is evidently determined that everybody shall know where he stands on the power issue. When announcement was made that he would select Lieutenant Governor Edgar Jadwin as chairman of the Federal Power Commission it was assumed that Mr. Hoover had come out squarely for the power trust. Now, with his letter to Mr. Reece, there can be no possible doubt of it. No liberal can now fail to see that we are dealing with as complete a reactionary in the White House as the country has beheld there.

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SIGNS OF BUSINESS RECOVERY, or even of stability on a moderately prosperous basis, are worth noting as an offset to the general feeling that business is in the doldrums and likely to stay there for an indefinite period. In spite of a good many cuts in dividend rates, leading industrial companies are reported by the *Wall Street Journal* to have paid out during the first six months of the present year more than $38,000,000 in excess of their dividend payments for the same period a year ago. Over $12,000,000 of this increase came from iron, steel, and equipment companies, only 4 out of 26 companies reducing their payments; payments by 38 oil companies showed a large gain, as did those of 16 chain-store organizations, and payments by drug and chemical industries were mainly upward. The railways placed in service during the first six months of the year 49,208 new freight cars and 411 new locomotives, compared with 32,794 cars and 319 locomotives in the first six months of 1929. Baldwin Locomotive Works, which for a number of years paid dividends out of a reserve set up from surplus, earned its common-stock dividend one and one-half times in the six months ended June 30, this being the first time for several years that the dividend has been covered by earnings. Savings banks report large gains in deposits, and money for real-estate mortgages is easier to get. Such items do not spell boom, but they are equally far from spelling calamity.

PREMIER TARDIEU has spoken out about parliamentary government in France in a tone which suggests that politics in his bailiwick are turning sour. With a really touching simplicity he laments that the French Parliament, instead of keeping to its original idea of serving the general interest, is looking after particular interests and spending a whopping lot of money in doing it. During the past year, for example, this aggregation of friends of the people added to the budget some $160,000,000 of expenditure for various schemes many of which the government opposed; while if sinking-fund charges and local expenditures are included, a quarter of the total national revenue is going annually for taxes. This is pretty bad, of course, even if some other countries probably make quite as bad a showing. The explanation which M. Tardieu offers is a familiar one, namely, that organized interests are stronger and more articulate than the mass of taxpayers. The important question is what M. Tardieu is going to do about it. Mussolini disposed of the apple of discord a decade ago by putting parliamentary government on the shelf and making himself dictator. The Germans, when they framed their constitution, thoughtfully provided for a temporary dictatorship such as President Hindenburg and Chancellor Bruening are now administering, and there is a dictatorship in Jugoslavia. Is M. Tardieu throwing out a hint of what may happen in France?

A DICTATORSHIP with a string tied to it is what we are witnessing in Germany, for the next Reichstag, under the constitution, will have to confirm all the acts of the Government under Article 48. This authorized the remarkable performances which Chancellor Bruening has had to his credit in the last few days. Not only has he put into effect the budget for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1931, at which the Reichstag had balked, but he has also decreed all the unfinished legislation on the docket. This included revision of the unemployment-insurance laws, relief for East Prussia's agrarians, authority for the Government to dissolve industrial cartels in certain cases if negotiations for price reduction break down, and additional tax measures calculated to bring in $115,000,000. This additional burden on the already sorely taxed German calls for a 2½ per cent "emergency sacrifice" levy on salaries of all higher officials and a 5 per cent increase on all incomes above 8,000 marks, or $2,000, in addition to a 10 per cent surtax on all incomes of bachelors and spinsters—surely an unusual, and probably in many cases, a cruel punishment for celibacy. For the moment the situation is tided over, and now that the temporary truce between the parties during President Hindenburg's trip to the freed Rhine territory is over, the election campaigning is in full swing, September 14 being the election date. Ominous is the announcement that the great Siemens-Halske electrical company has declared its intention to drop 10 per cent of its workers and that three other large companies will follow suit, for the official unemployment figures have gone up to 2,770,000—twice as many as a year ago.

CHILE AND GUGGENHEIM have been practically synonymous terms as far as the nitrate industry is concerned, and the identity will be still closer if an arrangement which has just been announced goes through. A merger in a new company, known as the Chile Nitrate Corporation, of all the nitrate properties in Chile, some 35 per cent of which are under Guggenheim control, is planned, with the Chilean government holding 50 per cent of the stock. The financial consideration involves the abandonment by the government of the export tax on nitrate and iodine, from which it has received about $30,000,000 annually, and the payment to the government by the new corporation of a minimum return of $22,000,000 for 1931, $20,000,000 for 1932, and $17,500,000 for 1933, after which latter date the government will have the dividends on its stock and the proceeds of a 6 per cent income tax. It is believed that the receipts of the government under the new arrangement will considerably exceed those which it has had hitherto. What the Guggenheim and other interests expect to get is not stated, but it is safe to conclude that they do not expect to lose anything. As Chile has about all the deposits of sodium nitrate known to exist in commercial quantities, the conditions of a joint and several monopoly would seem to be ideal. What one would like to know is which of the parties to the fifty-fifty scheme really expects to control the other.

DETROIT HAS RECALLED its mayor by a large majority in a heavy vote. Mayor Charles Bowles, political adventurer, became mayor of Detroit in November on a reform platform with the backing of the Anti-Saloon League and of Robert Oakman, wealthy real-estate dealer and a great political power in Detroit. Oakman withdrew his support from Bowles when the latter appointed as Commissioner of Public Works John Gillespie, an ancient enemy of Oakman's and president of a company that bonds contractors on city jobs. Mr. Gillespie's appointment was one of several moves in what appeared to be an attempt to build up a political machine in Detroit's non-partisan municipal

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government. Mayor Bowles was charged in the recall petition with tolerating lawlessness, dismissing faithful public servants, and ignoring campaign pledges. The twelve-day campaign preceding the vote was conducted almost entirely by radio and was notable for its vituperative violence. The Detroit *News* and the Detroit *Free Press,* which have been enemies for years, united to oust Bowles. On the other hand, many prominent citizens, including Henry Ford, opposed the recall. Meanwhile Gerald E. Buckley, a radio announcer who was active in the campaign against the mayor, was killed by gangsters an hour after he had given out the final results of the election. Bowles automatically becomes a candidate in another election which must be held within thirty days. Whether the recall, which has here been exercised for the first time in a large American city, will be effective in improving Detroit's municipal fortunes remains to be seen.

A FINE OF $500 is the reward handed to John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, for violating an injunction debarring him from interfering with the officers and workers of the Illinois district. The row between Lewis and the miners is of long standing, but the quarrel which led to injunction proceedings dates back to the summer of 1929, when Lewis made serious charges against the president and other leaders of the Illinois federation and presently revoked the State charter, set up a provisional organization, and tried to get possession of the records and offices. At this point the injunction interfered, the deposed leaders and their followers contending that the constitution of the United Mine Workers, not having been extended for another three-year period in 1929, was void and that Lewis was without authority. At Springfield, Illinois, last March, a reorganization convention adopted a new constitution and declared Lewis's place vacant, while forty minutes later another "regular" convention at Indianapolis approved a referendum which purported to keep the old constitution in effect and gave Lewis its unanimous support. Lewis, it is announced, will appeal the fine, so the controversy may go on until frost comes. As Lewis's supporters apparently number only a handful of the miners, his salary of $12,000 appears to be imperiled.

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION is on its last legs, if a questionnaire sent to a hundred prominent evangelists by the publicity director of various religious organizations is to be believed. Thirty of the hundred answered the inquiry by saying they had given up evangelism because they could no longer make a living by it. Those who still practice the profession complain that converts are few and far between, that free-will offerings are distressingly small, and that the motion picture, the radio, the automobile, and sports are, among other things, responsible for the falling off of a desire for things of the spirit. This, of course, is directly in line with what is happening in the Protestant church generally. Life is rushing away from the church, and the church cannot keep up. Our god is science; we see him in the wind and upon the waters, we hear him through the invisible air, and he dwells in a black rubber sound box, or a silver wing, or a smooth-running wheel. He is ubiquitous, omniscient, all-powerful. It is no wonder that the god of churches has fallen behind. The race is to the swift. We have no time for contemplation, for self-examination, for sitting still and listening to a discourse on conduct. The evangelism which is dying out is perishing not only of its own anemia, but because it has been wounded to the heart by a stronger, faster, louder faith. We can be glad that the evangelism is disappearing; but we cannot be unqualifiedly grateful for what has taken its place.

ONE COULD AS SOON THINK of the disappearance of Bunker Hill Monument from Boston as of anything happening to the Boston *Transcript.* Hence, the news that the *Transcript* is celebrating its centennial does not occasion us surprise, except that it is not its second centennial which it is celebrating. In some respects, it is true, one sometimes feels that the *Transcript* is being edited with the point of view of Plymouth Colony about 1650. In its narrowness, often in its bitterness and its prejudice, it has usually seemed to typify the Boston of the censorship, the Boston of the Watch and Ward snoopers, the Boston that murdered Sacco and Vanzetti. Yet it would be entirely unfair to dismiss the *Transcript* as standing only for this. If it is reactionary, it is also clean throughout; it carries an amazing amount of news; it is admirably devoted to the interests of its city; it has for years printed able articles on foreign happenings and is distinguished in the space it gives to art, music, and the drama. In short, it has retained untarnished many of the highest standards of the old American journalism, not the least of which is its typographical excellence and individuality. We wish it another hundred years of conservative existence with a full treasury, but it will have far more than that. The day that Boston is in ruins and the last dweller of the Back Bay passes into history, we are certain that he will enter eternity clutching in his hands a copy of the *Transcript,* with his glazing eyes fastened upon the latest news of Harvard, of Mrs. Jack Gardner's museum, the Arnold Arboretum, and the last nuptials of a Higginson to a Cabot.

AS A PIONEER in aviation, Glenn H. Curtiss was second in this country only to the Wright brothers. Like them, he began his career in a bicycle-repair shop. With the advent of the motor cycle he turned his attention to the manufacture of light gasoline engines, and in the Curtiss motor cycle he established speed records that endured for twenty years. When he began to be interested in the airplane he followed the same principles that had brought success to the Wrights. It is interesting to recall that the changes from the Wright planes which Curtiss adopted for his early machines—notably, the wheel landing gear instead of skids and the use of special ailerons for lateral control instead of a warping of the entire wing—are retained by the airplane of today. He made an interesting theoretical contribution when, by equipping the old Langley "aerodrome" of 1903 with a model engine and making some adjustments in minor details, he showed it to be capable of successful flight. When Curtiss began his experiments the present separation of designer and aviator had not begun; the inventor had to fly his own machine, and this before any predecessors had developed an art of flying that could be passed on by instruction. The inventor, in brief, had to be willy-nilly a daredevil, and the early flights that now seem ridiculously brief called for real heroism.

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A Hoover Commission for Hoover

THAT Mr. Hoover's administration is a good deal of a flop even his friends are admitting. They point out, of course, that he was not responsible for the Wall Street collapse, which ought to be called the Coolidge slump, and they insist that when he finishes his term of office he will be recognized at his true worth because by then his long-term policies will be going into effect. That may perhaps be true; we should feel more certain of it if we could identify any of those long-term policies. But even his best friends admit today that his is now the most unpopular administration in many years; that when his picture is shown in the movie houses there is never a hand-clap for him; that he has alienated many groups of citizens; that he has made a number of hurtful appointments; that he has made no progress whatever toward the promised complete reorganization and modernization of the government.

Now what to do about all this? Fortunately, we have a genuine remedy to suggest. It is Mr. Hoover's invariable custom when a problem presents itself to appoint a commission to deal with it. That has a double purpose: first, it gives the comforting feeling that something has been done about it, so that the public can forget all about the matter with complete satisfaction; second, if the commission ever reports, say in a year or two, its recommendations may or may not be acted upon as the Great Engineer deems best. As our readers are, we think, aware, Mr. Hoover is about to appoint his nineteenth commission—one to deal with our timber situation. That will make it all the easier for him to accept this weekly journal's suggestion to appoint his twentieth commission to sit upon himself and find out just why he has slipped off the track so completely. The Hoover Commission on Hoover (patent applied for) is our proposal and we deem it to be one of the most constructive ever advanced in this journal's sixty-five years.

The more we think of it the more we, and those of our friends whom, in strict confidence, we have sounded out on the matter, are pleased with the whole project. It must appeal to Mr. Hoover, for we are paying him that sincerest flattery of imitating his own technique. The commission itself would not be difficult to select. For chairman we nominate William E. Borah. In view of his insistence in the campaign of 1928 that Herbert Hoover was the American best fitted to assume the Presidency, it is obviously proper that the Idaho Senator should preside over the committee to ascertain why the President appears to be one of the least-fitted to conduct his high office. To represent the press we nominate the dearest of his journalistic apologists and Rapidan guests, Mark Sullivan; on second thought, however, we substitute in his stead William Hard, than whom no one has better or more eloquently described the Hoover method of reform by commission or by conference within an industry. It was Mr. Hard who wrote of Mr. Hoover: "He has established among us a fundamental and audacious political novelty. He has evolved the private-public governmental department. He has evoked the public-private business citizen."

Our next selection is the Honorable Bascom Slemp. Our reason for this will be plain to those who have been in contact with the Great Engineer's occupancy of the White House. For truth compels us to state that there is a great deal of creaking in the White House machine. Occasionally sand seems to get into the gears; for the first time in the memory of man serious letters to the President are not even being acknowledged, while some of the most important are being merely referred by the third secretary to the War Department or the State Department or some other official pigeonhole. More uncomfortable than that is the regrettable fact that since President Hoover assumed office the cost of running the White House and its offices has increased no less than $90,000 a year—rather surprising, this, for the most efficient and experienced administrator, et cetera, that we have ever had in the White House. An increase in the size of the staff is to be found both in the offices and in the executive mansion. There are now no fewer than thirty-seven persons employed in the executive offices, while seventy-seven persons minister to the needs of the President and his Lady in the White House. In one year the cost of the mansion has risen from $249,280 to $287,320. In the executive offices the increase is from $96,480 to $126,120. We are aware, of course, that the increases were made for the sake of efficiency. But what the Hoover Commission on Herbert Hoover should find out is whether the extra help has really helped or hurt and whether the President and his wife could not perhaps get on with fewer than seventy-seven servants, who do not include in their numbers the special White House police. Bascom Slemp was Mr. Coolidge's secretary in the days of Coolidge economy; who better than he to sit upon our commission?

As for the other two members, we nominate first Senator David Reed, both as a reward for his services in London in keeping the British aristocracy in line for the naval treaty and in order that the ablest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton may be represented by his most immediate political lieutenant. Now it will be noticed that all of those thus far nominated are quite friendly to the President. In order that there be a touch of the critical spirit in the commission we nominate for the last place Norman Thomas of New York. It is especially fitting that one of the two men whom Mr. Hoover defeated for the Presidency should pass judgment upon the incumbent.

We hope that no one will believe we are captious in this matter. On the contrary, we think it would be one of the most remarkable happenings in the history of the administrative life of the United States if one Chief Executive should use this admirable means of certifying to the country at large his own efficiency, besides receiving from it suggestions as to how he may best charm the country back into the state of mind it had on election day in 1928. We can well imagine that, in the years to come, writers on the governmental evolution of the United States will find no more striking subject for comment than the remarkable and spontaneous creation of just the right machinery at just the right time, known as the Hoover Commission on Hoover (compliments of the New York *Nation*).

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Fishing for Trouble

IN directing toward the chairman of the Amtorg Trading Corporation questions concerning the political beliefs of Communists in general and the trade relations existing between the United States and Soviet Russia, the Fish investigating committee into red activities in this country has gone far beyond the limits it originally set for itself. Moreover, it was rebuked not only by Acting Secretary of State Castle, who announced that "the policy of the department has been and will continue to be to extend to Soviet business men the same courtesies granted to other nationalities," but by our best-known citizen, Calvin Coolidge himself. Mr. Coolidge said very sensibly in the *Herald Tribune* on July 25:

> Our government has no diplomatic relations with Russia. But it is perfectly lawful for our nationals, at their own risk, to trade with Russia, or for her nationals to trade here. . . . It is not the practice to inquire very minutely into the beliefs of foreigners coming here temporarily for genuine mercantile purposes. . . . It had been supposed that the agents of the Amtorg were not engaged in anything but trade. If an investigation shows that they are taking advantage of the hospitality we have granted them . . . our government will take proper notice of that fact. Meantime it is proper to await proof before reaching final judgment. Our people are so thoroughly attached to their own system of self-government that we need not feel it is in imminent danger.

Representative Fish and his colleagues set themselves the task of investigating red activities in the United States. To that end they made themselves ridiculous by their examination of New York City schools, in which 3 out of the city's 810 schools were found to be very slightly infected with the "virus of communism," and by visiting certain Communist camps where they were greeted by nose-thumbing Communist children and treated to denunciatory speeches, highly uncomplimentary to themselves. They then commenced their examination of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, with offices in New York City. From the first the inquiry was evidently packed against the Amtorg. Every witness called previously had been permitted to read a prepared statement to the investigating committee. Mr. Bogdanov asked permission to submit a similar statement and was refused. The committee, he was told, wanted to ask its own questions. Later, Mr. Bogdanov was allowed to enter his statement in the record after it had been censored by the committee! Representative Fish desired to show that Amtorg was not only a trading corporation but was engaged in political propaganda in this country. To this end he adduced as evidence only the documents offered by former Police Commissioner Whalen. John Spivak, a reporter on the New York evening *Graphic,* told how he had traced the Whalen documents to a New York printer, and pronounced them the work of Russian monarchists. Internal evidence was offered by Joseph Michael, attorney for Amtorg, of some twenty-odd errors in the documents which indicated that they were forgeries. Mr. Fish was thus left high and gasping, with the wicked Russians at least temporarily triumphant.

Meanwhile the Soviet press has reacted to the investigation in very positive language. If the United States does not wish to trade with Soviet Russia, it says in effect, then Soviet Russia will take its trade and the millions of dollars attached thereto elsewhere. In answer to this threat Matthew Woll, of the American Federation of Labor, announces himself the spokesman of the Wage-Earners' Protective Conference, whatever that may be, which sets itself to invoke the new tariff law with regard to forced labor—to go into effect January 1, 1932—against Soviet imports. Stop trade with Russia, says Mr. Woll, and protect the American workingman and the American system of high wages from products made by the miserable, exploited, enslaved, impoverished Soviet laboring men. If this is a picture which American visitors to Russia do not recognize, Mr. Woll believes in it with all his heart. We shall, therefore, see a duel between American business men desirous of capturing the millions of dollars worth of trade annually which Soviet Russia will offer us and those other business men, represented by Mr. Woll, who, with a bias against the red bogy man, fear that their own profits will be endangered by "dumping" of Soviet goods. The struggle between capitalism and communism is only beginning. It is beginning because for the first time communism, not by political propaganda to overthrow our government, but by increasing its economic strength to formidable proportions, is actually becoming a menace to the capitalist system. We shall see the tide against Russia rising. It behooves those of us who desire not to be drowned in a sea of partisanship to steer carefully through the troubled waters. The Soviets must have their chance to put Russia on its legs economically; gestures to prevent from a Hamilton Fish or a Matthew Woll, one suspects, will be futile.

Stars of Bethlehem

JUST how much financial inducement a man has to have to make him a first-rate business executive is a question which it would be difficult to answer satisfactorily in the abstract, but how the matter works in the concrete is a bit clearer now than it was before the merger of Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Bethlehem Steel got into the courts. Mr. Cyrus S. Eaton, principal representative and spokesman of the Youngstown stockholders who have opposed the merger, became uncomfortably insistent some days ago in demanding specific information about the salary and perquisites paid to Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem corporation. Mr. Eaton, of course, was not trying to nose into Mr. Grace's private affairs, but he had a suspicion that the payments to Mr. Grace were not only extremely large, but that they also constituted an unwarranted burden upon the financial structure of the corporation. Moreover, he insisted that the Youngstown stockholders were entitled to know about the matter even if they were not holders of stock in Bethlehem Steel, since the charges which the services of Mr. Grace imposed upon the latter company were a subject regarding which the Youngstown stockholders ought to be informed as an aid in making up their minds about going into the merger or staying out.

When, after strenuous objection by Bethlehem at-

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torneys and due deliberation by the court, the information was at last forthcoming, it appeared that Mr. Grace had been, on the whole, quite handsomely treated. His salary, it seems, was only a paltry $12,000 a year, but since 1925 he had been paid an annual bonus of 3.319 per cent on the total fund on which the bonus payments are calculated. In 1929 this fund amounted to about $49,000,000, so that Mr. Grace's bonus for that year came to the tidy sum of $1,623,753. For the past five years and the first six months of the present year, Mr. Grace testified, he had received $5,431,684 in bonuses. Adding his salary of $12,000 a year, this useful executive had contrived to harvest $5,497,684 since the glad New Year's Day of 1925 when the reaping season began.

There is nothing mean about the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and if it singles out Mr. Grace for special favor because of his go-getting ability it also dispenses some rather substantial blessings to others. The corporation has a system of "incentive bonuses" which Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board, administers. A letter written by Mr. Schwab in 1917 explained the system to the court. Briefly, the bonus payments are made on a sliding scale, beginning with 4.73 per cent for net earnings of $2,000,000 less fixed charges but before depreciation, and rising to a maximum of 8 per cent for earnings of more than $36,000,000. In 1917 these bonuses were shared by ten executives, including Mr. Grace; they are now, Mr. Grace testified, shared by fourteen or fifteen. The total amount paid in 1929 was $3,425,306. For the first six months of 1930 it was $1,390,107, or about 6½ per cent on the net earnings—not so bad for a dull period.

Every little while, when the report of some big salary gets into the news, financial writers fall to debating the question whether any man anywhere is worth a million dollars or more a year to anybody for anything. Of course they never agree that he is or is not. Obviously, there is something to be said for a bonus as an "incentive," provided the person who gets it really earns it by what he does instead of getting it as a rake-off from the ability or labor of others. The *Wall Street Journal,* which cannot be accused of hostility to big business, nevertheless remarks, a propos of the Youngstown-Bethlehem controversy, that if such bonuses as the Bethlehem company affects are to be paid, the stockholders ought to be told of it. A search of the annual reports of the company, it declares, "fails to reveal any other reference to the bonus system" than that contained in the report for 1917, the year in which Mr. Schwab wrote his letter, and it is twelve years since the stockholders, in 1918, approved the system. Everybody knows that the stockholders' list of Bethlehem Steel, like that of every other large corporation, has changed very considerably in the past twelve years, and it may well be doubted if any large number of the present stockholders knew of the existence of this onerous bonus system until Mr. Eaton irreverently brought the whole thing to light. Here is a phase of high finance well worth looking into, especially now when American industry feels a good deal depressed. We do not want to seem inquisitive, but it would be highly interesting to know just what Mr. Grace does for his million and more a year that could not be equally well done by any one of a number of other persons for a fourth or a tenth of that sum.

Pitiful Rich

ON July 20, at Quogue, Long Island, a Mrs. Rebecca Wendel Swope, eighty-seven years old, breathed her last. Her property was left to Ella, now eighty, the last of six Wendel sisters. It consisted of real estate, accumulated in the family for two centuries, and worth more than $100,000,000.

The founder of the family fortunes was John Wendel, who left the fur business at the same time as the first John Jacob Astor, and laid upon his descendants the duty of never buying anything but choice New York real estate and never thereafter letting it go. John Gottlieb Wendel, his descendant, opposed marriage for any of his six sisters on the ground that it would disperse the accumulated property and put it under other names than Wendel. So he kept his sisters in the four-story brick-and-brownstone house that has stood on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street since 1856, and still stands as it was built, without telephone, lit only by gas, shuttered. There the sisters have lived. They continued, until they died, to wear the round sailor hats popular in their 'teens in the sixties and seventies, and to make their own clothes—always black, and worn till shabby—without the aid of a sewing machine. There was a rebellion in 1899, when Georgiana, at fifty, ran away and appeared alone at the Park Avenue Hotel. Her brother had her committed to the psycopathic ward in Bellevue. When John Gottlieb Wendel died in 1915, the four surviving sisters turned over the management of the property to Rebecca Wendel, who late in life had had the strength of will to defy her brother and marry Professor Luther Swope. Ella Wendel still lives in the house on Fifth Avenue, now surrounded by skyscrapers. Last year the coachman died and the horses and carriage were disposed of. The family has had no known charities.

All this sounds more like a novel by Balzac (though the New York *Times* is to be congratulated for an admirable news story) than a literal account of anything probable in the New York of 1930. So rare is such avarice among our own rich that many of us had imagined that the last of the type passed with the death of Hetty Green. In the life of the wealthy we have been taught to deplore a senseless extravagance; but here we face a senseless penuriousness. We have been taught that conspicuous waste not only breeds envy but draws capital and labor away from the production of more necessary goods and raises living costs for the rest of us. The Wendels were never guilty of conspicuous waste; but neither, apparently, did they recognize any social obligation that great wealth might entail. What they did was simply to forget entirely that property was a means and to treat it as an end. They never in any proper sense owned their real estate, but were owned by it. Great wealth brings an opportunity for great personal enjoyment and for great public service. The Wendels muffed both.

What we seem to need is more adult education for millionaires. There are too many books on how to be successful, and too few on what to do after that. Any great magnate will tell you with pride how he made his first million, but he is likely to look angry or uncomfortable if you ask him how he spent it.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

NEW YORK, I fear me very much, is turning moral. The task upon which one reformer after another barked his shins was finally accomplished by the bears of Wall Street. Broadway is not Broadway any more. It is not the contention of this Jeremiah to assert that no place still stands where an amendment may not be violated. Indeed, I am by no means certain that the speakeasies have declined numerically. It is the spirit which is weak. Even the dealers in synthetic gin are suffering in much the manner of Western farmers. The bootlegger has begun to feel the pinch occasioned by overproduction. The dreadful truth of the matter is that the young and old of Manhattan have begun to learn the habit of early to bed. After three in the morning one will find hardly a single familiar face though he ride or walk the length of the island. Possibly one may sit about a little later if he happens to know the haunts of Harlem, but most inhabitants of what was once the nation's metropolis can only choose in the early morning between a glass of buttermilk in a dairy lunch or a good night's rest at home.

Even by midnight the greater part of the town lies now in oafish slumber. We are confronted not with a theory but a fact. That Bagdad on the Subway for which O. Henry wrote his heart out is dead and all but buried. If some Coal Oil Johnny were to come whooping into town tomorrow there would not be sufficient enterprise left among the night-club men to make them sit up and help him spend his money.

The most alarming symptom of the debacle was observed personally by your correspondent within the fortnight. By dint of great executive labors and the use of personal charm he managed to assemble a party which consented to motor across Long Island in order to observe the gay and frenzied doings of a Sunday night at Texas Guinan's. The first shock came when the local hackman confessed that he had never heard of Miss Guinan nor of her cabaret. And this was no remote mountain guide but a public chauffeur living not more than twenty miles from the place where once the hundreds came to give the little girl a great big hand. By means of flares and radio beacons the party did manage in the end to hit upon the haven. We were helped a little by the fact that above the door there hung a huge electric sign proclaiming that here indeed was "Texas Guinan's Show Place."

Yet all is not gaiety which glitters. Though one in the morning had hardly passed Miss Guinan's show was over. The waiters were about to pile the chairs upon the table and the sprightly revue apparently had been performed for the edification of scarcely more than half a dozen. Where were the men of spirit who once made entertainment hum in this and other jovial haunts? Quite obviously, they were not at Texas Guinan's. Anaconda, I suppose, had slain its hundreds and United States Steel its thousands. But I am much afraid that something more than a stock-market slump has gone into this period of retrenchment. It may even be that the old pioneer spirit has ended. Indeed, as the Macy advertisements maintain, it has become fashionable to be thrifty.

Henry Ford and Miss Guinan are representatives of the old school which is passing. Mr. Ford, if I remember correctly, once advised young men that there were better things to do with money than to save it. Miss Guinan, I am certain, ran her business upon the selfsame premise. And even though the reckless age has ended I cannot help paying some slight tribute of sorrow to the older generation which ordered things more adventurously. American greatness was established by a spendthrift crew. The makers of the West never thought of the morrow. Conservation was unknown to them. In one of Harvey Fergusson's books I remember his telling of how miners in the great undeveloped Southwest would dynamite an entire lake just to get a couple of trout for breakfast.

Of course, from one point of view these fellows were gross fools. The lake once dynamited turned forever barren, except perhaps for bullheads. And yet they were blessed and romantic fools and but for their recklessness America would still be a straggling wilderness as far as the country west of the Mississippi is concerned. The pioneer used up the natural resources which he found and with each spring he had to press west in search of newer hunting grounds. He was no conservationist. What he had to spend he tossed about with lavish hand like any gilded youth on Broadway. It would be foolish to contend that waste is ever admirable. I will admit that it is somewhat sentimentally appealing. And, for better or worse, it is part of the American heritage. Possibly the old mining-camp spirit of Manhattan may yet be restored, not by the inhabitants but by a new influx of pioneers. There could come a rebellion against the smug complacency of California and all those sections of the West where a conservative puritanism has rooted in. Perhaps we may hear the cry, "Go East, young man." This is not Eldorado possibly. Few find it possible to gather gold in the streets of Manhattan but at least they will have a chance to toss it about. If they bring their own. I think that the decline of the metropolis may be explained by its present readiness to compromise with the thrifty. Things were handled better by our grandfathers. For instance, I am told that the theater is dwindling because of the excessive prices charged by speculators. Now the managers will war upon them and possibly exterminate them. I cannot speak for the newer generations. In my day this would have been a suicidal psychology. There was nothing the old New Yorker enjoyed more than paying some fantastic price, which he could not possibly afford, for his theater tickets.

When a patron has to hand out nineteen or twenty dollars for two theater tickets his first reaction is one of protest. But in the long run he gets his money's worth. Ours is a rigorous climate and through hot summer nights and long winter evenings every New Yorker may spend his spare time in complaining to his neighbor of the manner in which he has been exploited by landlord, bootlegger, and ticket speculator. Once we lived by listening to the complaints of each other. That day is gone. But let us hope that it is not forever.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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How Pure Are the Mails?

By PAUL TELCO

HOW pure are the United States mails? In the first place, they are as pure as the Post Office Department cares to make them. The solicitor at Washington, as everyone knows, has arbitrary power to bar from the mails anything he may judge to be fraudulent or offensive. His ruling can be reversed only by expensive recourse to the federal courts.

No one can accuse the Post Office Department of lack of zeal. Alert postal inspectors are constantly on guard in all sections of the country ready to swoop down on any offending bit of mail. An unfavorable report to Washington sets the machinery of investigation and censorship in motion. The discrimination of the postal authorities, on the other hand, has been seriously challenged. It is fair to judge the department by its works. What is barred from the mails is more or less common knowledge. "The Decameron," the works of Rabelais, "Madeleine," and on occasion the *Birth Control Review*, the *American Mercury*, and *Life* have been refused mailing privileges by a sensitive Post Office Department which objects to the use of the word censorship as a description of its activities. Mary Ware Dennett's pamphlet "The Sex Side of Life" was the last notable object of post-office censorship, though it has since been reinstated as fit for the mails by three federal judges.

But what of the material that goes through the mails continuously and without question? Let us begin with gambling devices.

The Paramount Manufacturing Company of Kansas City, Missouri, makes playing cards—but let their own advertisements, which enjoy the freedom of the mails, tell the story:

> Our cards are all made by the new "factory process." The work cannot be detected unless you know the Secret Key. . . . All in sealed packages. These are GENUINE Bicycle and Bee cards and not an imitation.
>
> LUMINOUS CARD WORK No. 999
>
> This is one of the cleverest styles of work ever placed on cards. The illustration to the left shows how they look to the naked eye. The illustration to the right shows how they look when you wear our special glasses. BANG! The numbers show up so big that they can be seen twenty feet away. . . .
>
> . . . Card Wrappers. These are glassine wrappers which are an exact duplicate of the inner wrappers used in playing cards, a necessity to those marking their own cards. . . . Line and Blockout Ink. This ink was developed by a Southern gambler of long experience. It will give perfect results. . . . Thumb-Nail Punch. This clever little punch fastens under the thumb nail. Pricks cards during play. Fine for second dealing.

The Paramount Manufacturing Company claims leadership in its line. Evidently it caters to a prosperous clientele, for the price of the cards is $7 or more per deck.

Another mail-order house which patronizes the United States mails specializes in slot-machine slugs.

> We make the finest nickel slugs obtainable for slot-machine use. This avoids the trouble of making change and they will work in any machine where silver is used. . . . Prices: five-cent slugs, $1.50 per hundred; ten-cent slugs, $1.25 per hundred; twenty-five-cent slugs, $2.00.

The Central Novelty Company of Chicago advertises "perfect steel slugs for telephones only, size of nickel, avoid delay by having slugs. Price 80 cents per hundred postpaid."

The Winner Supply Company, of Kansas City, Missouri, manufactures loaded dice, "missers" and "passers," "special filled transparent dice," "quality dice with gold and platinum loads," special "dead ace," "dead deuce," "dead trey," and "ace-deuce" sets. For a pittance of $36.50 a very good set of "missers" can be obtained, red or green transparent, with extra heavy platinum loads. It's a bargain!

So much for gambling devices, though there is one thing further to be pointed out, in justice both to the companies who put them in the mails and to the postal inspectors who let them go through. Each manufacturer is scrupulous to state in his literature and on his packages that his wares are sold for "magical purposes only" and *not* for gambling!

Medicinal panaceas, of course, offer a great field. They are not labeled "for magical purposes only" but they might as well be. For instance, anyone who suffers from gallstones, jaundice, constipation, liver and stomach trouble, sourness, heartburn, gas, thick bile, torpid liver, inflammation of the gall bladder, loss of weight or too much weight, chronic dyspepsia, or vomiting—or all of these—may receive through the mail from the Eklum Distributing Service of Dunkirk, New York, the guaranteed product of Beyer's System's Medical Department, Beyer's Stomach Tablets (good for what ails you, if you haven't got it you get it). These tablets will relieve you, if not of your pains, at least of $3. They will probably travel in the same sacred mail pouch with the literature of the D. Smythe Company of Newark, Missouri. This company specializes in "black magic" and "herb curios." They are distributors of "Pow-Wows or the Long-Lost Friend." "Containing a collection of the most mysterious, wonderful, and valuable arts and remedies for man and beast. Per copy, $1."

The same company dispenses, with the help of the United States Post Office, one of the most popular herbs on the mail-order market. It is called the "Adam and Eve root," and consists of

> . . . a pair of roots in one, called Adam and Eve. The upper one is Adam and the under one Eve. Valued for its magic qualities in restoring vitality . . . also to bring back and hold the love of a husband, wife, or sweetheart. Sold by us at 35 cents a box for its medicinal value in bladder and kidney diseases. As it is impossible to always get the roots we reserve the right to send it in powdered form, which is just as good.

And this is only one of many restorers of "vitality" which are advertised and may be obtained by mail.

It is well known that birth-control information is

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legally barred from the mails. The Milo Chemical Company of Brooklyn, maker of contraceptive suppositories, gets around this slight difficulty by the device commonly employed by makers of supplies used in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. The maker of malt and hops prints on his products the warning words "Do not," followed by explicit directions for making intoxicating beer. The Milo Chemical Company warns its customers not to use its product under certain conditions or it will act as a contraceptive. The De Luxe Agency of Reno, Minnesota, and the Davidson Company of Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada, are less scrupulous. They not only send contraceptives through the mail. They label and advertise them as such. And these are only three of several hundred concerns and individuals engaged in the same business. The fact that such scientific works as Dr. Konikow's "Voluntary Motherhood" and Margaret Sanger's "Family Limitation" are never allowed to darken a post-office wicket helps to increase the sales of compounds which medical opinion describes in terms ranging from "questionable" through "absolutely unreliable" to "harmful" and "poisonous."

To go on with the list. In sunny Florida Judge Daniel A. Simmons has discovered that the thing most desired in the world is happiness. Fortunately he has discovered that happiness can be obtained by any man or woman the instant he or she becomes free, "free from disappointment, sickness, fear, worry, poverty, and failure." And anyone can free himself from any or all of these afflictions by means of Judge Simmons's brand-new religion, Christian Psychology. The good judge, trading under the name of the American Institute of Psychology, is now busily engaged in the charitable act of freeing his brethren from their misery and making them happy by selling them his new religion for the special introductory price of $25 cash, "$27.50 on easy payments, or for $30 on still easier payments." Any one or more of the following blessings may be obtained through its exercise: "more money, success in profession, more friendship, love and popularity, a coveted position or promotion in business, society, or public life, a home for yourself and family, better health and more peace and poise of mind," and last but not least, "a happy love relation." He is ready to tell his customers "how to pray for the things we want in such a way as to get them," and he guarantees results or your money back (try and get it).

If you are not in the market for happiness perhaps you would like a touch of height. Malcolm Ross, British "Height Specialist" of Scarborough, England, solicits customers for his height-increasing services through the United States mails. Those who wish to grow may send $10 to Mr. Malcolm. He will cheerfully accept it. Or if you are out of a job, writing to John C. Hohn of Cullom, Illinois, will give you something to do. Few persons in desperate need of employment would hesitate to send the measly sum of ten cents to one dollar to Mr. Hohn—and there are others—in return for his secret and presumably infallible advice on "How to get the job you want" and "How to get it when all other methods fail." In these days of Hoover prosperity the dimes and dollars must be rolling in.

Last but not least, there is the great field of love and sex, as exploited by the mail-order publishing houses. Bearing in mind the extraordinary activity of the Post Office authorities in keeping such literature as "The Decameron" and the works of Rabelais out of the nation's mail boxes, let us examine, for instance, the books written by anonymous "authorities" and distributed by the mail-order house of Stephen Wetzel Company, Valhalla, New York.

In one instructive book is to be found a chapter on The Philosophy of Hugging. (I purposely refrain from too free quotation from the works under discussion lest *The Nation* be deprived of its mailing privileges.) The "philosophy" runs in part as follows:

> Too much care cannot be exercised in putting arms around the young girl of today, and we wish to impress this fact upon the mind of the young men who are just coming upon the stage of action. . . . Hug easy until you find the patient will stand more, and then you can apply the proper squeezer.

Psychometric Charming also contains valuable information.

> You must feel friendly toward the lady whom you desire to win. . . . When in her company always act kindly toward her. . . . Whatever you may FEEL never SHOW any signs of ANGER or JEALOUSY. . . .
>
> By following the instructions given above you will soon win the lady's affection and have her under your control, but beware of the least UNKINDNESS, or of using the power you have obtained for an evil purpose. . . .

The instructions on How to Kiss a Lady are also very enlightening.

Ladies seeking information on various vital subjects can be sure of finding it in a special "book for ladies," "The Art of Pleasing Men," written by a lady who knows whereof she speaks. Here are a few of the subjects treated in the volume: Women and Maternity, How to Win a Man's Heart, Some Unfailing Methods, Secrets of the Widow's Power, A Word of Warning. "How to Woo, When, and Whom" is well worth reading. It gives full and interesting rules on the etiquette of courtship, the time and place for conducting it, and some good advice. Of course, some of the books equally enlightening go deep into the subject of sex.

As for desirable post cards, Mrs. Stella Brown offers "Original Photographs of Young French Girls in Daring Art Poses. . . . Each photo is clear and distinct on photographic paper, giving them a good glossy finish. They are post-card size showing full front view, the kind you like to see. . . . These photos are for *men* over twenty-one only"; while Jack O'Brien, an ardent lover of art and Mrs. Brown's local competitor, advertises his wares as follows: "If you wish Art Photos of the Forbidden Kind we have them. We also have stories of the Forbidden Kind. . . ."

How pure are the United States mails? A liberal or radical publication containing any matter that may be construed as obscene is pounced upon and sent back where it came from before the ink is dry. Mary Ware Dennett's pamphlet, strangely enough, had polluted the mail boxes of Y. M. C. A. secretaries and theological seminaries for years before the postmaster discovered it in all its obscenity and barred it from the mails. But the following advertisement, for men only, is probably to be found at this moment in mail trains from Boston to San Francisco: "Men send $1 for 'From Town to Town.' Tells where to have a good time. Sample name and address 10 cents. P. O. Box ——, Peekskill, New York."

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No Men Wanted

By KARL MONROE

WITH assets of perhaps twenty dollars and some nine years' experience as a reporter in New England I came to New York to find a job. The round of newspaper offices and news bureaus netted me a series of polite but firm statements to the effect that "there's nothing open just now, but you might leave your name and address." After two weeks of this I set myself to what I believed would be the much easier task of securing a clerical place, or even something like ushering in a theater, "hopping the bells" at a hotel, or running an elevator in an office building.

Innocently enough, I followed the crowd to the agencies in Sixth Avenue. Visions of being sent to a position where a percentage would be taken from the first month's salary for a fee were quickly dissolved in the face of the cold fact that any position must be paid for in full and in advance. I learned from one young man that he had paid $10 for a job at which he had worked only four days, receiving $13.50, or a net profit of $3.50 for his four days of work. He and other victims told me, apparently from experience, that many of the agencies make a regular practice of sending men to jobs for which they are obviously unfitted, so that the same job might be sold several times. Many of the men, I learned, realized this, but were willing to "take a gypping" in order to earn a few dollars.

My funds were getting low, and rather than spend any more of the bit of cash I still had I resolved to ride the subways for the night. Not only did I find this fairly easy, but I found that hundreds of others were doing it. Experts at the game—men who live a hand-to-mouth existence by panhandling and petty racketeering—told me that the most satisfactory system was to ride the B. M. T. trains which run from Times Square to Coney Island, swinging around a loop and returning. The trip consumes nearly two hours if a local train is taken. A good corner seat gives the rider a chance to get a fair nap, and the thing can be repeated endlessly. When morning came I went to the Grand Central Terminal, where I washed for a nickel.

Sleeping in the parks, I found, was much less satisfactory than the comfort offered by the rapid-transit companies. Tired, hungry, and cold, I stretched out on the bench, and despite the lack of downy mattress and comforter eventually fell asleep. The soles of my feet were swollen with blisters, because my shoes had not been removed in at least seventy-two hours and I had tramped the sidewalks for three days. Suddenly I was awakened by a patrolman who had swung his night stick sharply against the soles of my feet, sending an indescribable electric pain through my hunger-racked body.

For three nights I slept in an institution in Twenty-third Street maintained for the benefit of released prisoners, who were given food and lodging until they found work. Along with the others, I was given a hearty breakfast in the morning and a good meal at six at night, but none but jailbirds were aided in finding work. When I entered the place, on recommendation of a social-service agency, I had walked the streets for two days and nights, and my first real pleasure came when I found I could wash with hot water and soap. At the end of the three days the superintendent told me I must leave, explaining that the institution was maintained solely for ex-prisoners.

Finally, I stood in the bread line in Twenty-fifth Street, where the women's section of the Socialist Party daily distributed soup, coffee, and bread. To my surprise, I found in the line all types of men—the majority being skilled craftsmen unable to find work. One of them told me he had been a civil engineer and had earned $8,000 a year. Since losing his job almost a year ago, he had drifted from bad to worse, occasionally picking up odd jobs, until he had sunk to the bread line. The professional bums usually found in such a place were conspicuously lacking. True, there were several unemployables—men in the sixties, who stood no chance in competition with the thousands of younger, healthier men. There were also a number of middle-aged men who had long since given up the idea of finding work. Having started honestly enough in a sincere effort to get placed, they had met disappointment so consistently that their ambition was broken. Now, their attitude was expressed in the philosophical comment one of them made to me: "Why should I work? I'm living along on one charity and another." Such men never think of the future in terms of more than one or two days.

Perhaps more to be pitied than this class is the young family man whose ambition has been stifled. The other day, desperate for money, I answered one of those constantly reappearing advertisements that read as follows: "MEN, distribute advertising; money daily; steady; apply 7 a. m. at ——." Arriving promptly, I found that the rain had halted work for the day, and I fell into conversation with a bright young Irish lad who was keenly disappointed to lose a day's work. The men work in groups of four, each group being given a clearly defined territory and some 5,000 circulars. The pay for three of the group is $2.80 a day each, the fourth being honored with the title of crew manager and an advance in wages to $3 a day. My young Irish friend advised me to stay in the work: "Like me, see. I've woiked up to crew manager, and if I stay long enough I can be district superintendent. That's where the money is. Why them boids gets $5 a day!" Subsequent conversation revealed that the young man—he was perhaps twenty-three—was married and a father. Once he had been a construction worker at $40 a week, but he had been laid off and couldn't find a new position in that line.

There are many men who still hope despite months of failure. Of a dozen men in the park of nights, at least eight will tell you that they have something in mind for the following day, and they actually convince themselves. A few nights later a casual search will reveal the same men, still with "something in mind for tomorrow." For most of them that tomorrow is many months ahead. Perhaps it will never come. In the meantime, they read, under the arc light in the park, in second-hand newspapers, predictions that business will be normal again within sixty days.

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The Public Domain

By HENRY S. GRAVES

THE last chapter in the story of the federal public domain is about to be written. President Hoover has brought before the country, as a definite issue, the question of the disposal of the last remnants of the unreserved public lands, which are now without any semblance of supervision and control and are being rapidly ruined by abuse. On authority from Congress, he has appointed a commission to study the problem and to submit recommendations for its solution. He himself has proposed a tentative plan, namely, that the federal government should cede the remaining public lands to the several States in which they are located, with the reservation of certain mineral rights.

The President is to be highly commended for his insistence that some constructive steps be taken to provide for the right handling of the public lands. The appointment of a commission is an excellent method of dramatizing the situation and securing the advice of a group of well-informed citizens in formulating a new public-land policy. The tentative proposal for the transfer of lands to the States will, however, meet strong opposition. Many persons, including the writer of this article, believe that the plan to grant the lands to the States is not a real solution of the problems involved and that it would not be in the public interest from the standpoint either of the nation or of the States.

The public domain had its beginnings with the cession to the United States by the original States of their unsettled Western lands after the Revolutionary War. It was enormously increased by the acquisition of Florida, the Louisiana Purchase, the Oregon treaty, the accessions from Mexico, and the purchase of Alaska. There was no federal land in Texas, for upon the entry of that State into the Union it was stipulated that the public lands should remain in possession of the State.

The first public-land law was passed in 1785. It provided for a survey of the public properties and established a procedure for their sale. There has followed a long series of acts of Congress for the disposal of the federal lands, as changing conditions have called for new legislation. The early policy of selling the lands was replaced by one designed to encourage agricultural settlement, culminating in the free-homestead law of 1862. Subsequently, laws were passed for the disposal of arid lands requiring irrigation for cultivation, of so-called "dry-farming" areas, and, more recently, of grazing lands. Special laws were passed for mineral lands, though, curiously enough, not until 1866. At the late date of 1878 an attempt was made to meet the special timberland problem, but the legislation was so faulty that it served chiefly as an instrument of fraud. There have also been large and numerous grants for education, for canals, highways, and railroads, for reclamation of arid lands, for reclamation of swamp lands, and for manifold other purposes.

The history of the public domain is intimately related to the industrial history of the country. The migration of a great population over the public lands, the establishment of millions of farms, the construction of the great system of railways, the development of industries depending on minerals, timber, forage, and other natural resources, the building of cities and towns, and the creation of independent States, all within a comparatively short period of time, constitute one of the most extraordinary epochs in all history. Unquestionably, the liberality of the government in its disposal of the public domain was a large factor in this economic and industrial expansion. Quick peopling of the land was accomplished. But the process was accompanied by many serious blunders, by a lax administration of the laws, resulting in speculation, fraud, and often corruption, by tremendous waste of valuable resources, by loss of control of lands which should have been retained in public ownership, by local social distress, much of which will never be known, and by other consequences that will fall as a burden upon generations to follow.

We often think of the public domain as a chapter that is closed. It is true that the public domain is no longer an important factor in our industrial expansion. The westward migration has ceased. The pressure for new lands for settlement has stopped because there are no more public lands fit for agricultural settlement. Moreover, the industrial and economic changes of the past fifty years have created new conditions which could not be met in the old ways even if we still had an expanse of public lands comparable to that of 1880. The problem of acquiring natural resources has now been replaced by the problem of using them.

Nevertheless, the nation still owns a large area of lands, the residue after more than a century of picking over by men seeking to acquire lands under the various laws. More than 340,000,000 acres in the United States are still owned by the government. In addition, there are about 20,000,000 acres upon which the mineral rights have been reserved though the ownership of the surface has passed to private individuals. This grand total includes about 140,000,000 acres in national forests and parks and about 12,000,000 acres in lands withdrawn for the control of coal, oil, potash, and phosphates. There remain about 190,000,000 acres of land, unreserved, unappropriated, awaiting constructive administration and development. Nearly all of it has no more protection and administration than on the day it was acquired, and because of abuse it has been steadily deteriorating in productive value. This is the land which the President has suggested should be transferred to the States.

The remaining open public domain is chiefly located in the arid and semi-arid portions of sixteen Western States. Seventy-five per cent of Nevada is still unreserved public domain, 50 per cent of Utah, 23 per cent of New Mexico, 22 per cent of Arizona, 18 per cent of California, 16 per cent of Idaho, 22 per cent of Oregon, 29 per cent of Wyoming, and smaller proportions of other Western States. Five or ten million acres are natural timberlands; several million acres are open woodlands or low scrub; the remaining lands are clothed with grass and other herbaceous vegetation or with dry-land shrubs. Some are virtual deserts.

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About 15 per cent of the present public domain may be classed as unproductive desert owing to lack of water or to alkaline soil or both. The areas of real desert are situated in southern California in the Death Valley and the Salton Sea region, in Utah west of Salt Lake, and in southwestern Arizona. The remainder of the open public lands—about 160,000,000 acres—is naturally clothed with grass and other herbaceous vegetation, or with low woody plants such as sagebrush, creosote brush, mesquite, and other types of shrubs or small trees, many of which have some nutritious value as browse for live stock. The land has been used for grazing for more than fifty years and some of it for a much longer time. It is public land, unfenced and open, for the use of any or all who may be able to place their stock upon it. There has never been any control of its use by the government, no restrictions as to the number of stock or methods of grazing, and no efforts to prevent injury to the land.

For forty years or more these ranges have been overgrazed. The effect of overcrowding the land with live stock has been disastrous, a progressive march toward devastation. The first injury is the destruction of the more nutritious forage plants. The reduction in the density of the grass and other vegetation exposes the soil to sun and wind. The water-holding power is impaired and the remaining plants are less vigorous in growth. From year to year the carrying capacity of the land for live stock has declined. On an average, the productive power of the land has been reduced 50 to 75 per cent and in places 80 to 90 per cent.

A second consequence of overgrazing is the loss of the surface soil by erosion. It may seem odd to discuss erosion in connection with arid lands, where the lack of water is the most conspicuous characteristic. Erosion depends not only on topography and soil but on the character of precipitation. In the dry regions the storms are often cyclonic and the rain falls in heavy showers. A large part of the Western ranges is rolling, hilly, or actually mountainous. Under natural conditions the soil is held in place by the protective vegetation. Even the cactus plays its part. Under normal conditions the degradation of the hills and ridges is very gradual and violent surface changes occur only occasionally through unusually heavy storms. Overgrazing loosens the soil and every storm carries off large quantities of the upper surface. Great gullies are formed that change the whole character of the run-off of water. The more compact subsoil is exposed, less water enters the ground, and the general water table is lowered. In the rich valleys the agricultural lands are gullied out and great arroyos are formed, often ten feet deep and thirty feet or more in width. Irrigation ditches and reservoirs are filled and frequently tons of detritus are deposited on fertile farm lands in the valley bottoms.

The problem of instituting a reform in the handling of the public domain offers complexities because of the varying character of the lands, the extent of the damage by overgrazing, the present distribution of the lands, and their intimate relation to the local industrial development. Leaving out of consideration the areas of actual desert, there are about 160,000,000 acres of range lands which constitute the real public-land problem. These may be divided into three classes, as follows:

1. Very large areas which are chiefly in federal ownership. The most important areas in this category are the West Desert in western Utah and eastern Nevada, comprising some 16,000,000 acres; the Red Desert in Wyoming, covering about 7,000,000 acres; the Owyhee Desert in southeastern Oregon and southwestern Idaho, containing about 25,000,000 acres; the Ralston and Pahute Desert in southern Nevada, with perhaps 15,000,000 acres; and the Jornada Desert in New Mexico, comprising about 6,000,000 acres. It is probable that about 70 per cent of these lands is in public ownership.

2. Areas comprising more than 100,000 acres in a body, but far less extensive than those mentioned in the preceding paragraph. It is probable that this class aggregates nearly 30 per cent of the public range. The blocks of land are not compact bodies of government property but are interrupted by State holdings, railroad sections, and other private lands.

3. Areas varying in size from a few sections to 100,000 acres. A considerable portion of these lands is adjacent to the national forests and its development is closely dependent on the use of the forage in these public reservations.

The problem of the public domain cannot be met by the old methods of land disposal. The various homestead laws do not apply, except to a very limited extent. A general sale law would not be effective unless very large units were placed on the market, which would inevitably be embarrassing to small ranchers who now use the lands for grazing and which would give monopolistic control of the lands to large concerns. Moreover, a great deal of the land has been so depleted in productiveness that private owners cannot afford to hold it. The new policy to be adopted should make possible the handling of each portion of the public domain in a way adapted to the conditions prevailing on the land itself. Abuse by overgrazing not only destroys a natural resource which sustains one of the great industries of the semi-arid portions of the West, but it results also in erosion and in torrential conditions that have a far-reaching effect on stream flow, irrigation, and community welfare generally. Nearly all the public domain, outside the real desert areas, is situated on the watersheds of important river systems, including the Rio Grande, Gila, Salt, Arkansas, Snake, and Missouri rivers. The disturbance of the normal conditions of run-off on large masses of land inevitably affects the rivers and their beneficial service. The neglect of the public domain over the years is releasing natural forces that may be felt in increased irregularity of river flow, embarrassment in irrigation and power development, and public injury in many other ways.

An analogous situation was encountered more than thirty years ago in the forests on the public domain. They were being ruined by fire, overgrazing, and abuse. The solution was found in the establishment of the national forests. For twenty-five years about 160,000,000 acres of public property have been successfully administered and the forests and other resources protected and developed. The grazing lands within the national forests were brought under systematic control, erosion was checked, and the productive power of the land for grazing progressively restored. The handling of the national forests points the way for the administration of public domain.

The policy which, in the opinion of the writer of this article, should be followed by the government in handling the public domain is as follows:

1. To establish at once a system of control of grazing

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on all the public land analogous to that in successful operation in the national forests. This would involve a curtailment of the number of stock using the lands to the extent necessary to begin the restoration of the range.

2. To make a charge for the privilege of using the range for grazing, with provision for payment to the States of as liberal a proportion of the receipts from this source as Congress may deem appropriate.

3. To add to the national forests the areas of public grazing lands adjacent to them, where the grazing use may best be administered in conjunction with that in the national forests. The area of lands so situated is estimated to be about 16,000,000 acres.

4. To add to the national forests the lands in the public domain which are covered with forest growth and so located as to be best administered as permanent reservations. There are about 8,000,000 acres of such lands.

5. To establish permanent federal grazing reserves wherever conditions are such that the development and use of the lands and the protection of water resources can best be secured through this means.

6. To provide for the exchange of lands with States, railroads, and private owners in order to consolidate the federal and other holdings.

7. To provide for grants of lands to the States where this is desirable to round out existing holdings or to meet other special local problems.

8. To provide a procedure for the sale of land to individuals or companies where it is clear that private ownership is the best means to promote the beneficial use of the property. Authority should be given to dispose of blocks of land large enough to meet the economic conditions of grazing but with clear limitations essential to prevent monopoly and interference with the interests of the small ranchmen. A very liberal proportion of the proceeds of such sales should be granted to the States.

9. To transfer the administration of the public ranges from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture, where there is a corps of men trained in problems of range control.

Such a program would involve extensive field study, and each step naturally would be subject to sanction by Congress on the basis of administrative recommendations. The plan has the advantage of an immediate check to the present abuse of the range. It provides a method of progressively disposing of all the land through the incorporation of a portion in permanent reservations and through transferring the balance in an orderly way to other ownership.

The restoration of the lands to productive condition will be a slow process. Generally speaking, it takes twenty years or more to rehabilitate a badly depleted range, and this is accomplished only through expert control and management. Improvements are also necessary, such as roads, water developments, drift fences, and the like, involving considerable capital outlay; and some engineering works must be constructed to prevent torrents and erosion which result from the past abuse of the land.

The proposal that the nation surrender to the States the responsibility of meeting the situation on the public domain is made presumably on the ground that the problem is a local one. There are, however, great national interests involved. First of all, the lands belong to the nation and the responsibility for handling the properties in the best interests of the public is in itself a national one. In the next place, watershed protection is an interstate problem of the first order. Still again, the problem of range control and use is interstate in character. On the great ranges immense numbers of stock are driven out of one State to graze on areas located in another State. The use of the public range has been a large factor in building up the existing live-stock industry, which involves large investments in stock and plant. The division of the jurisdiction over these lands would involve serious consequences for the industry if the several States should inaugurate different policies of land administration. Finally, the proper handling of the problems of the public domain is beyond the power of most of the States. The sheer magnitude of the undertaking places it in the category of a national problem.

Some persons entertain the belief that under State ownership the lands would pass to private ownership and thus increase the grand list. Some lands would doubtless be sold. The government, with appropriate authority from Congress, can also sell such lands as should not remain permanently under public control. The States in the long run will gain far more from a liberal grant of the annual proceeds from grazing fees and other sources of income than by the effort to handle the lands themselves, especially if the States should undertake to restore them to productiveness and provide the improvements that are necessary.

The proposal to transfer the public lands to the States has been referred to as the new conservation. As yet I have been unable to find any evidence that the lands would be better handled by the States than by the government from the standpoint of conservation. The fact that the government has failed so far in administering the open ranges is not proof that it will continue to do so. The government has demonstrated that it is wholly competent to meet problems of this kind in its successful management of 160,000,000 acres of national forests. It can do as well on the public domain. The failure of the government in handling the open ranges may be charged to a number of causes. The chief responsibility lies in the lack of determined leadership by the Department of the Interior, which has charge of the public domain. This department is not organized and equipped for the administration of problems of soil production and land use. Formerly it had charge of the public forests and failed in exactly the same way that it has failed in the administration of the grazing problem on the public domain. The constructive handling of the national forests began when they were placed under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture, where there was a corps of trained foresters. The administration of the grazing lands involves precisely the class of problems which the experts of the Department of Agriculture are qualified by their training and experience to handle.

The President has chosen an excellent commission to study the problems of the public domain. The chairman, Honorable James R. Garfield, was a leader in conservation when he served in President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Fifty thousand dollars has been provided by Congress for the expenses of the commission. It is hoped that a constructive plan will be developed, a plan which will not involve a shirking by the nation of its plain responsibilities.

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Catholicism and Liberalism*

By the REVEREND JOHN A. RYAN

TWO Roman documents published during the past year have provoked questions concerning the intellectual integrity of Catholics who profess to be loyal to the Holy See and who call themselves "liberals." These documents are a revised edition of the "Index of Prohibited Books" and the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI dated December 31, 1929. The former forbids Catholics to read certain proscribed books, while the latter commands them to send their children to Catholic schools. In the criticism directed at "liberal" Catholics who accept such prohibitions and precepts one finds a considerable amount of misunderstanding and inexact language.

An artificial definiteness has been accorded to the terms "liberal" and "liberalism." Some of the critics assume that any Catholic who accepts the designation "liberal" necessarily uses the word in the sense attached to it by the critics themselves. When we consider the history of these two terms we are surprised at this assumption. Liberalism may denote a disposition of will, an attitude of mind, or adherence to a set of opinions. Accordingly the liberal is a person who is generous, tolerant, and inclined to credit with sincerity those who differ from him; or he is unprejudiced and open-minded; or his opinions tend to magnify the importance of freedom and to diminish that of restraint and authority. Liberalism may exist in many fields of thought and discussion: economics, politics, governmental policy, religion, education, science, philosophy, ethical theory and practice, and social conventions. A person can logically and consistently be a liberal in some of these departments and a conservative or authoritarian in others. He can look upon complete and centralized authority as reasonable in some and as unreasonable in others of these spheres of thought and action. For example, he can be a liberal in politics and economics and at the same time an authoritarian in religion. Many may find no difficulty in taking diametrically opposite positions under these two heads.

One of the best-known uses of the term "liberalism" is that which has for many years prevailed on the Continent of Europe and in some Latin-American countries. Those who profess this variety of liberalism are almost invariably anti-clerical, which is frequently a euphemism for anti-Catholic. On its theoretical side, this liberalism denies or minimizes the authority of God and of the church over the human intellect. On its practical side, it denies or minimizes the authority of God and of the church over human conduct. Both the theoretical and practical forms of Continental liberalism exhibit several degrees, from the complete denial of divine authority, doctrinal and legislative, to the rejection of church authority outside those principles of faith and morals which are assured by the prerogative of infallibility.

Now it is this species of liberalism which the European ecclesiastic usually has in mind when he employs the term without qualification. Probably this is the kind that Cardinal Merry del Val was thinking of when he referred recently to "that moral pestilence known as liberalism." An editorial entitled A Moral Pestilence in *The Nation* of December 25, 1929, declared that the doctrine of the Catholic church "is unalterably opposed to very nearly every tenet of the liberal creed." If the "liberal creed" is identical with the liberalism described above, the assertion just quoted is obviously correct. Were the church to accept or even to compromise with this kind of liberalism it would commit intellectual and moral suicide.

It should be evident that this species of liberalism cannot be accepted by any Catholic who is at once loyal to his church and adequately instructed. There have, indeed, been Catholics, particularly on the Continent, who designated themselves as "liberal Catholics," precisely in order to express their adherence to a mild form of the liberalism that we are now discussing. While accepting the authority of the church in matters of faith and morals which had been defined ex cathedra, they denied the right of the Pope to impose as of obligation doctrinal declarations or disciplinary rules which do not enjoy infallibility. Belonging to, or closely akin to, this class are those American Catholics whom *The Nation* calls "liberals" and whom it thus described in the editorial referred to above: "Their sentiments are known by their conduct; they disobey many of the commands of the church, and they are willing to explain away many of its doctrines." If the disobedience of these persons is based not upon human weakness but upon deliberate rejection of the divine right of the church to impose precepts of morality and discipline, they are not faithful Catholics. A similar statement applies to the device of "explaining away" church doctrines. Both these attitudes have been condemned on various occasions by more than one pope. An American Catholic who practices or professes this degree of liberalism is either intellectually dishonest or inadequately instructed.

When the writer of *The Nation's* editorial speaks of the "liberal creed," perhaps he does not wish to include the cruder and more extreme forms of Continental liberalism: for example, the denial of the right of God Himself to impose restraints upon intellect, conscience, or conduct. Perhaps he desires to emphasize what are sometimes called "modern liberties," that is, freedom of opinion, of teaching, of speech, of writing, and of printing. Undoubtedly the Catholic church does reject unlimited freedom in all these spheres. She denies the moral right of men to accept or to profess false opinions or to propagate doctrines or practices which are contrary to the moral law and therefore opposed to human welfare. She holds that a man has no more right to utter falsehood and wrong than he has to perpetrate them. She maintains that the intellect and the vocal organs are as subject to the moral law as any other human faculty. As a matter of fact, no government has ever admitted, no modern government admits today, unlimited freedom of expression. Men may not, with legal impunity, calumniate their neighbors, or publish obscene literature, or make indecent speeches in public, or corrupt the morals of the young in the schoolroom. The decision of the Supreme Court in the espionage

* This article was written by Father Ryan upon request of the Editor, at the instance of a non-Catholic reader of *The Nation* who wished a treatment by a liberal Catholic of the problems here discussed.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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cases (1918), written by Justice Holmes himself, showed that our federal Constitution restricts very considerably the scope of the guaranty of freedom of speech contained in the First Amendment. Therefore, the principle of absolute and unlimited freedom of expression seems to be rejected by the better and saner part of the community, if not by all but a few extremists.

To be sure, the practical question of drawing the line between reasonable and unreasonable freedom with regard to opinion and expression is one that different persons will answer differently. The way in which it has been answered in the constitutions and statutes of our federal and State governments is quite satisfactory to American Catholics. They are never conspicuous in the groups that appear before Congress and State legislatures seeking diminution of this class of liberties. They perceive no conflict between their Catholicism and the traditional American policy.

So much for definitions and classifications. Our discussion thus far has evidently touched only a few of the accepted uses of liberals and liberalism. But these are the species that seem to be most frequent in the minds of men who discuss liberalism in relation to the Catholic church. Happily it is possible to get away from ambiguous terminology and discuss the actions and attitudes themselves which are called into question. A certain writer seeks to "understand the position of liberal members of the Catholic church," and to learn the "processes by which the claims of absolutism in religion and relativity in rational thinking are reconciled."

"Absolutism in religion" is probably intended to denote that theory or attitude which accepts religious doctrines as certain and recognizes the unconditional authority of the church to lay down the principles and rules of faith and morals. Surely this attitude is not confined to Catholics or to the domain of religion. In all probability the writer of the quoted phrase accepts "absolutism" in mathematics, in physics, in chemistry, and perhaps in other sciences. That is, he believes that he can have certainty and not merely "relativity" or probability in these fields. When he uses the phrase "relativity in rational thinking" does he mean that all truth is relative, that there is no such thing as certainty? In other words, is he a complete skeptic or subjectivist? Inasmuch as Catholics, whether they call themselves liberals or not, do not accept this position, they are not called upon to reconcile it with their belief in religious absolutism. Probably the writer merely intends to say that in some fields of thought there is no authority nor any compelling array of evidence to guarantee certainty, that in them men can possess only opinions and greater or less degrees of probability. This statement is true to a greater or less extent of politics, economics, sociology, philosophy, history, and in a large portion of the territory occupied by the physical sciences. The Catholic who accepts this so-called relativity of knowledge, who admits that he cannot have complete certainty throughout these domains, has no difficulty in accepting the absolute truth and absolute authority of the church in religion and morals. There is no contradiction, because the realities covered by these two classes of thought are different and the appropriate methods and instruments of knowledge are different. To demand or expect identical judgments concerning the knowableness of different kinds of realities is quite unreasonable.

Another objector wonders how liberal Catholics can honestly accept "their church's attitude toward the individual's right to read and think for himself." In a preceding paragraph this question has in part been answered in the statement that Catholics who refuse to accept the authority of the church in matters of discipline are not loyal and orthodox Catholics, even though ignorance may prevent them from perceiving this fact. Let us, however, examine on its merits the assumption that the individual has a "right to read and think for himself." Apparently the questioner regards this so-called right as an essential element of genuine liberalism. His use of the term is unprecise and ambiguous. He cannot mean *legal* right, for no one denies that the civil law in the United States concedes this. Perhaps he means *moral* right—that is, a right or claim which is in accord with reason, inasmuch as it is necessary or useful for human welfare. As pointed out above, there is no moral right to do wrong. It is wrong for a Catholic to disregard the authority which Christ has conferred upon the church. The thinking and the reading which the church forbids is, generally speaking, harmful to the true faith and to sound morality. I say "generally speaking," because the church does not profess to be infallible in such matters as are covered by the "Index of Prohibited Books." Nevertheless, faith and morals and truth are safer as a result of the church's legislation in this field than they would be in the absence of such legislation.

Let us test this assertion by reference to the works on the Index which are adduced as horrible examples in *The Nation's* editorial above referred to. Let us leave out of consideration those Catholics who have a special reason for reading these books because they are teachers, or writers, or clergymen; for they will not generally find great difficulty in getting the required permission. Let us take the average Catholic, the average educated Catholic, if you will. I venture to say that such a one could employ his time more profitably in reading other works, in the same respective fields, than in reading, say, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Darwin's "Origin of Species," Kant's "Critique," and the works of Maeterlinck. As for "The Book of Common Prayer" and the Protestant versions of the Bible, it is difficult to see what benefit the ordinary Catholic would derive from their perusal. After all, we have incomparably better prayer books of our own, and the church possessed and preserved the integral Scriptures for many centuries before the emergence of Martin Luther and King James I. A great part, if not the greater part, of the reading done by this generation is sheer waste of time, if not worse. Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morality" contains some amazing history and anthropology, some ignorance of the Bible, considerable misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine, much superficial reasoning and immoral ethics. In a word, the book is unscientific. Yet it is and will be accepted unquestioningly by thousands of persons who think that they "think for themselves," and who pride themselves on their intellectual independence.

The Nation's editorial finds fault with liberal Catholics who have not repudiated the ban laid by a certain cardinal upon other than parochial schools. But this is the general and traditional Catholic discipline and it has been restated in the recent Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on education. Our position is very simple and very logical. We hold that

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religious training is the most important element in education, that as a rule it cannot be adequately obtained if it is excluded from the school, and that there can be no such thing as a genuinely neutral school. If the school does not teach religion it shows itself indifferent to religion. This attitude of indifference, insensibly perhaps, but more or less effectively, conveys to the pupil the impression that religion is not an important element in education or in life. Obviously, such a school cannot be completely satisfactory to an intelligent Catholic. Quite as obviously, it is the business of the church to safeguard the spiritual welfare of her children by appropriate legislation.

The most astonishing and disturbing statement in the editorial above mentioned is that the liberal who is logical "cannot be other than anti-Catholic." This suggests a very illiberal brand of liberalism. To be "anti" is to be opposed; but it implies something more than negative opposition by withholding agreement. Frequently it denotes some measure of hostility. Always it implies that one seeks to thwart the program and purposes of the institution to which one is "anti." No such threat is offered by the Catholic church against the American liberal who refuses to accept her authority. She does not seek to take from him any of his cherished liberties. Why should he scold Catholics merely because they accept what he regards as tyrannical authority? Why can he not permit us to involve ourselves in what seems to him intellectual stultification? Or does this brand of liberalism insist on saving men against their will from foolish loyalties? This seems to be the essence of toryism.

At any rate, the position of the intelligent Catholic, whether or not he calls himself a liberal, who wholeheartedly accepts the authority of the church in faith and morals and discipline is neither disingenuous, nor self-contradictory, nor unreasonable. His interpretation of history impels him to the conclusion that Christ was God and that He endowed the Catholic church with plenary authority to teach and to govern in spiritual and moral affairs. The non-Catholic may, as he does, reject both the premises and the conclusion of this reasoning, but he cannot fairly accuse those who accept it of either inconsistency or intellectual stultification.

I have never experienced any temptation to become a liberal in the sense of rejecting any part of the authority claimed and exercised by my church. Nevertheless, I suppose that I should be classed as a liberal in economics and in politics. As such, I would suggest to the editors of *The Nation* and to all others who desire to see established a reign of wider industrial and political justice that the task before them, before us all, is formidable enough and sufficiently worth while to command our united efforts. This cause will not be served by lecturing, threatening, and antagonizing Catholic economic and political liberals merely because they refuse to accept the anti-church variety of liberalism. This mistaken and unnecessary course is mainly responsible for the ultra-conservative position taken by many prominent Catholics on the Continent of Europe. To protect their religious interests they were compelled to align themselves with economic and political reactionaries. Should a similar alignment take place in our own beloved country the blame will surely rest upon those liberals who will not concede to Catholics the right to profess and practice in their own way the religious loyalties which they cherish above everything else in life.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has often pondered on why the weather should constitute an infallible topic of conversation. After the invariable inquiry as to the health of another comes the equally invariable comment on the wetness or dryness or hotness or coldness of the day and the day before, not to mention prophecies on the morrow. And of all these weather data, none is more infallible than that furnished by a hot spell. It is true that New York City in hot weather can hardly be forgotten. The subways are full of white, limp, shiny-faced men and women. Those occasional more fortunate souls who have been away from the city long enough to get brown or red stand out like another race. But they, too, are shiny. Even the most ardently bepowdered nose is likely to gleam in a hot spell. No, these people cannot forget the weather. When they walk on the streets the asphalt slides under them; when they go home a hot blast of air reaches them from the kitchen and chases them all the way into the parlor.

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BUT discussion is equally prevalent on a bright, cool, fair morning. "Nice day," you say and you hear. "Pretty wet, eh?" is the comment for inclement weather. When it snows everybody tells you so; when it is cold there is not a man or woman in the country who does not remark on it. Why should this be? There are other phenomena as common as the weather. We all breathe by air taken into our lungs. Yet you almost never hear comment on the fact. "Good morning; are you breathing today?" How strange that would sound. "Well, pulses are running around seventy-eight today. Have you counted yours?" This, too, is not a common form of greeting. Only the weather is eternally with us for conversational purposes.

* * * * *

THE reason, of course, may be that the weather is linked so closely with man's sense of well-being. When he is too hot or too cold he feels uncomfortable; when the temperature and the amount of sunshine are just right he feels good, and wants everybody to know it. Thus, comment on the kind of day is only comment on one's health. And health is the conversational topic par excellence for any given individual. Man thinks first of how he feels. After he has exhausted that subject he may turn to action or intellectual activity. There are more cults for health today, probably, than for any other state of being. We no longer think it important to save our souls; but by diet and exercise and hocus-pocus of every conceivable sort we must save our bodies. Disease must be stamped out, food must be of the proper sort and amount, our children must eat spinach or they must not eat spinach, according to the fad of the moment. We must lie in the sun because without violet rays plants die; we must get enough sleep, we must brush our teeth, we must use quantities of soap, we must not neglect intestinal toxicity. Why? So we shall live forever—or if not forever then as long as possible. Man is eternally afraid to die. He takes every precaution to keep himself alive. And the weather is an index of how he is feeling.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

An Intellectual Treat

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to convey to you my appreciation of the excellent essay in *The Nation* of July 23 by J. B. S. Haldane. Of the many intellectual treats I have had in your valuable weekly, this clear-cut and courageous exposition of an individual Weltanschauung is certainly one of the best you ever published. This young English intellectual and radical thinker is refreshing and thought-provoking.

His statement that "since 1921 the death-rate of Americans at every age from thirty upwards has been increasing steadily" is perhaps only too true. We are the victims of wealth illy digested, which is unmanning us physically, ethically, and morally. We wallow in luxuries and insane living. The simple life as an Emerson or Walt Whitman or Thoreau knew it is a lost art. Intellectual attainments are with us a balderdash of religious mysticism and timid pseudo-science. We are afraid of the truth. We are Don Quixotes who imagine we can cure our social evils by idiotic thrusts (laws) which infringe upon individual liberty. Our hypocrisy is indescribably fatuous. The world may admire us for our business ability; but of real culture (excepting perhaps 1 per cent of us) we have none.

Chicago, July 21 August Ruedy

Rude Again

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I trouble you to discontinue sending me *The Nation*? Your references to President Hoover have been such that I do not care to have a paper containing them come into the midst of my family. Honest and dignified criticism of the Chief Executive I would have no objection to, but the terms in which you refer to him are not only unbecoming but disrespectful to the office. A sneer is a poor corrective and the terms in which you have referred to the President in a number of issues can be classed among the sneering utterances which men unfortunately use when they are not pleased.

Philadelphia, June 26 J. S. Ladd Thomas

The Great Babson

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At last the great Babson has spoken on the subject of unemployment and trade depression. In a special letter issued June 30 he tells us that while "everybody is naturally very much interested in stopping the trade depression from which we are now suffering," this "cancer," like all illnesses, must run its course and, at best, all we can hope to do is to make the suffering more bearable.

Mr. Babson consoles us with what he tells us is his firm opinion—that the unemployment of millions of people has its spiritual and intellectual values which "fill an important economic function." As you are pawning the family jewels in an effort to feed the youngsters or to satisfy the landlord and groceryman, remember that you are "performing an important economic function" which has "spiritual and intellectual values."

Furthermore, and this is of even greater importance, "unemployment gives the wage worker a chance to rest and get in physical condition for the next pull." I wonder if Mr. Babson has ever tried resting for the "next pull" on an empty stomach.

But let us continue: ". . . man develops spiritually during periods of depression. . . . Ask any preacher, priest, or rabbi." In prosperity "we forget God and become pagan"; but in times of unemployment church attendance increases and every unemployed worker looks to a higher source for aid and guidance. It seems to me that according to Babson unemployment and trade depressions must be of divine origin and intended as an incentive to a "back-to-the-church" movement.

Of the relationship between cyclic economic depressions and the profit motive in our present economy, with its consequent overproduction, and of the effect of the machine age on the wage-earners, the great Roger W. Babson, strangely enough, says nothing.

Oakland, N. J., July 8 Jack Brooks

The Butte *Daily Bulletin*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Butte, Montana, Eastern liberals were wont to visit a church in the basement of which was printed the most militant newspaper of many a day—the Butte *Daily Bulletin*. Entering the editorial room one was confronted with a rack holding six loaded Winchester rifles. It was no uncommon sight to see busy editors with a gun beside their typewriter. At night, workers did sentry duty guarding the plant from possible attacks by company gunmen. One morning the city was stirred by the finding of a battered and bruised I. W. W. hanging from a railroad trestle. The editors of the *Bulletin* were warned to leave town or expect a similar fate. On another occasion 600 workers marched to the mines to do picket duty. In a few moments the road was strewn with their wounded and two lay dead. In such a city, amid such recurring scenes, the Butte *Daily Bulletin* sounded the note of defiance to the employers and brought hope to the struggling workers. Lack of advertising, due to the bank boycott of those who did advertise, and the espionage system of the employers which prevented workers from subscribing gave the paper a hard struggle to live. Paper used to remain on the siding for days; no delivery was made without cash.

Senator Wheeler could never have survived politically if it had not been for the *Bulletin*. When Senator Wheeler was beaten up in the streets of Butte it was the *Bulletin* crowd that enabled him to carry on. The West realizes the loss of the *Bulletin*. As long as the West is the West the workers will remember the *Bulletin*.

New York, July 6 Mina Carney

Right Today, Wrong Tomorrow

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Heywood Broun is afraid the radios will train the whole nation to pronounce alike, and then everybody will pronounce all the consonants in "five-sixths" as long as the world lasts. I wouldn't worry. Just as surely as the place of the waist line on women's dresses will change again, just as surely as patronizing the bootlegger will come to be the not-quite-up-to-date thing among collegiate youth, so surely will "me dear" be the preferred style in one decade and "muh dear" in another decade and "my dear" in yet another. Some folks will take pains to keep up with every change, but the majority will stick to what was stylish in their youth, and thereby will furnish a starting-point for the next change of fashion. Remember how the dictionaries used to tell us that the noun

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[America's billion-dollar-a-year industry]

BY

Courtenay Terrett

Foreword by Morris L. Ernst

VANGUARD

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NO ONE MUST KNOW

A single phrase found in a year-old love letter to her son told her the truth. Now she must hide her secret deep within herself, suffer . . . and tell no one . . . that the letter was from a man. Rupert Hughes calls this strangely beautiful study of a mother's mind "a masterpiece of art and a work of profound and noble mercy toward all people, the peculiar as well as the normal." $2.50

REVELATION

By ANDRÉ BIRABEAU *Translated by Una, Lady Troubridge*

THE VIKING PRESS : : 18 East 48th Street, New York

"rise" must be pronounced like "rice"? But now the dictionaries say not only that the noun must be pronounced like the verb, but that there never was a time when anything else was right, and that everybody who in my younger days pronounced the noun as the dictionaries then told him to was using a pronunciation that was then wrong. The dictionaries have now decided that the most proper distinction between "recipe" and "receipt" is that "recipe" is for medicine and "receipt" is for cookery, but most of the household columns in the papers are still run by people who were educated in the days when the dictionaries said that it must be "recipe" for cookery.

Ballard Vale, Mass., July 10 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

An Article for Republicans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read Mr. Herrick's article, Our Super-Babbitt, in your issue of July 16, and I have been so impressed with its calm and vigorous conviction that I urge you to have it printed separately as an anti-Republican leaflet. I should take a great deal of delight in handing this article to hard-shelled Republicans. Of course, it would only make them angry, but it would assist a great many others, who have been buncoed by party talk, to see a glimmer of light.

Everett, Washington, July 20 V. C. CHRISTIANSON

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL TELCO has contributed critical exposés to various periodicals.

KARL MONROE is the pseudonym of a New England newspaperman.

HENRY S. GRAVES is dean of the School of Forestry at Yale University.

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AUDREY WURDEMANN is the author of a book of verse entitled "House of Silk."

DONALD A. ROBERTS is a member of the English department at the College of the City of New York.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is the author of "Cato, or the Future of Censorship."

EUGENE LÖHRKE is editor of "Armageddon: The World War in Literature."

JAN VAN AS is an Orientalist who has recently made a trip to Persia for research purposes.

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Books and Films

Belated Sheep

By AUDREY WURDEMANN

Under a night sky bluer than the breast
Of royal peacock, under a far sky
Where the white moon paints cleft and sudden crest,
Swaying and silent-hoofed the sheep go by.
Flooding like curds over the valley floor,
They tread upon the carpet of the night,
And black rock gleaming like a silver door
Widens before them in the frosted light.

Wrapped to the eyes, a-dream, the shepherd goes,
Nor heeds the drowsy murmur of his sheep.
Into a velvet slumberous and deep
The ram's bell leads them on where no wind blows.
Through moonlight silver-clear and crystal-cold
They pour from mountain pasture into fold.

Desire for Oblivion

Ash-Wednesday. By T. S. Eliot. New York: The Fountain Press. $5.

THAT T. S. Eliot was in "The Waste Land" already bent toward a search into religious faith is, I believe, undeniable. In that picture of sterility he made his accusation against his age, stated his desire for perfection, and began his search for faith and for God. He could not continue to cry against drought; he must find the principle, for himself at least, of life. Nor would he be likely to find this in any adaptation to a scientific point of view. There is therefore no break between Eliot's earlier poems and his later. The difference is merely one of development. His passion was always for the past; it was therefore more or less to be expected that he would finally accept not only classicism in form but one of the oldest of religions, the Anglo-Catholic.

It is with the theme of the later poems that we are concerned. Has Eliot found in the acceptance of the Anglo-Catholic religion anything that has greatly altered his poetry? I do not believe so. The fundamental emotion, the emotion which is the source of the man's creative ability in poetry, remains the same. Every poem published since his pronouncement of his creed is upon the theme of death in life, life in death, and the sincere desire for oblivion. Life is a slow dying, death is a rebirth, and neither process is subject so much for ecstasy or rejoicing as it is for pain and denial. Whenever Eliot has developed his argument up to the point where a moment of vision might shatter doubt, he takes that last step toward faith not by vision, and not intellectually, but by a cry for the Word:

> Lord I am not worthy
> but speak the Word only.
> . . . . . .
> And pray to God to have mercy upon us
> And I pray that I may forget
> These matters that with myself I too much discuss
> Too much explain
> Because I do not hope to turn again
> Let these words answer
> For what is done, not to be done again
> May the judgment not be too heavy upon us.

In The Journey of the Magi, one of the several poems published in pamphlet form before "Ash-Wednesday," Eliot speaks of Christ's birth as "a hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death." In another, Song for Simeon, his theme is death. And, finally, in Ash-Wednesday we have a long ritualistic chant or prayer for the acceptance of faith. The poem is very difficult of interpretation because it relies upon no ecstatic penetration of the mysteries, but upon a symbolism not so much Catholic as it is personal. The poem opens with lines reminiscent of Dante and Shakespeare, but the poet does not resort thereafter to quotation:

> Because I do not hope to turn again
> Because I do not hope
> Because I do not hope to turn
> Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope

The theme of the entire first part is renunciation of life, of life which cannot find its reason for being as do trees and plants. Part II then develops through a series of symbols—three leopards who feed on the flesh and the bones, the lady who may be the church—the idea that the flesh and the spirit wish oblivion. The bones finding peace in oblivion, the spirit comes upon the symbol of unity:

> The single rose
> Is now the garden.

Part III may be said to recall Dante again. An ascent of three stairs toward paradise is described. On the first step one leaves behind the demons of hope and despair; on the second is a blankness (again the Waste Land), an "old man's mouth driveling beyond repair." The third stair affords a renewed consciousness of sensual living. Only after this memory which fades comes the cry:

> Fading, fading; strength beyond hope and despair
> Climbing the third stair.
>
> Lord I am not worthy
> Lord I am not worthy
> but speak the Word only.

Part IV is difficult of exact interpretation. Here the forces of life and death are interwoven. Mary, the Virgin, spirit of life walking between the violet and the violet, renews all things. The years walk there too and take away the fiddles and the flutes; the new years cry "redeem the time, redeem the dream." This is followed by Part V, where the answer as to the way of redemption is found in the Word:

> And the light shone in darkness and
> Against the Word the unstilled world still whirled
> About the center of the silent Word
> O my people, what have I done to thee?

Part VI comes back to the refrain of Part I, "although I do not hope to turn again," and to the statement that this is the time of the tension between dying and birth, when the spirit is reborn. The whole poem closes on these lines:

> Teach us to care and not to care
> Teach us to sit still
> Even among these rocks
> Our peace His will
> And even among these rocks
> Sister, mother
> And spirit of the river, spirit of the sea
> Suffer me not to be separated
> And let my cry come unto Thee.

The poet never reaches, it seems, any overpowering certainty. The emotion never reaches great pitch. There is more intensity in those lines which state the poetic desire for oblivion than in any affirming religious faith. Throughout, the mood is almost desperately sad.

EDA LOU WALTON

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Archbishop Laud

Laud: Storm Center of Stuart England. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Brentano's. $3.50.

OBVIOUSLY Mr. Coffin realized the dramatic value of Archbishop Laud as a subject for biography. He draws from the available historical material every possible conflict and climax, and shows little need to heighten the natural colors of his scene. Too readily, however, he falls into the Restoration spirit of angry scorn when he speaks of Laud's antagonists. The Puritans, typified by Prynne in his book, are wreckers of Maypoles and smashers of stained glass; they never appear as austere, even fanatic, proponents of those liberties of conscience and of person upon which modern concepts of democracy rest. It is proper enough to write an apologia for Laud, but it is reprehensible in doing so to belittle even by silence the spirit of those whom his tyranny sought to crush. This fundamental inaccuracy, misunderstanding the Puritans, overshadows but unfortunately does not obliterate several lesser errors of fact and interpretation, such as calling Catholics Separatists, and saying that Bacon foretold "an entirely new method of approach to knowledge."

In view of Mr. Coffin's reputation as a poet the style of this volume will, it must be feared, cause keen disappointment. How is it possible for the same person to rise, on one page, to the mellow beauty of "But his heart was like living coals under this ash of silence," and on another sink to the cheapness of "For George Abbot had finally gone to join the company of those to whom the sound of jeers is very much the same as the sound of cheers"? Though happily one can find few sentences quite as inept as this one, too many suffer from either rhetorical flatulence or mechanical clumsiness.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

A Political Theorist

The Dangers of Obedience and Other Essays. By Harold J. Laski. Harper and Brothers. $3.

PROFESSOR LASKI is one of the principal cultivators in England and America of that field which has come fashionably to be known as "political theory." Lest, however, it be supposed by the uninitiated that political theory really has very much to do with the present great exigencies of politics, it should be said at once that the political theorists are really not more than historians of political theory. The cult in its present form has been encouraged by sociologists who as students of the science of society are interested in ideas of politics and political organization. It has become established almost as a separate discipline and an integral part of the philosophical apparatus of the social sciences. It has apparently been decided that political theory represents that part of the old metaphysics which is to be preserved as the new metaphysics of sociology. The difficulty that the great ideas in political theory in the past have been contributed chiefly by general philosophers whose primary interest was metaphysics has been overcome by not studying these philosophers as total personalities but only in the aspects which are held to remain of value. Thus, while Kant may not be considered as a metaphysician, he may be read as a political thinker. A great churchman's theology is taboo but he is deserving of notice for his views on the relation of church and state.

Thus is introduced the first element of unreality in the study of political theory. Ghosts of the past, not living men, are invoked. Equally unfortunate is the continued preoccupation which the discipline of political theory encourages with the great ideas of the past in political philosophy. The academicians of political theory discourse with endless patience of those supremely vicious formalisms which are called state and sovereignty, forms of government, liberty, equality, democracy, the separation of powers, centralization and decentralization, cabinet government and congressional government. They are cultivated ever so lovingly like pallid roses in a well-kept garden. No rude scamps intrude into the closed and guarded precincts, and it is all very polite and charming. To qualify for the pleasant fellowship, the neophyte need, of course, to have gone through the arduous initiatory ceremonies of having read his Plato and Aristotle, his Hooker and Harrington, Milton and Hobbes, Machiavelli and Rousseau, so that he may be able to produce in time an essay upon one of them as a political theorist. Then, he must have read, too, a few good general histories of political theory, preferably by some of the indefatigable German masters such as Mohl, or Bluntschli, or Gumplowicz—this either to fill in the gaps in his reading of the original sources or to produce in due course a history of political theory of his own. At no time, particularly if he is so fortunate as to live in America or England, need his peace of mind be disturbed by the fact that his cultivation of political theory will actually affect the movements of events. Particularly in these great plutocracies have political ideas really ceased to count, if they ever did count for very much, and politics is in a complete state of frustration, the political masters no longer being the real masters of society. But for that very reason there is presented a large and leisurely opportunity for writing perfectly monumental studies of political theory.

Professor Laski is one of the most notable and intelligent of the masters of political theory. Of his style it may be said that he writes with more grace and charm and wit than any of the others. He is theoretically not unaware of economic realities in politics. If I may judge from his justifiably low opinion of the academic mind, he might even admit the general indictment of the academicians of political theory. Nevertheless, he exhibits their habits of mind and barrenness of ideas. He is in love with great general principles, not so much with specific problems. He has written studies of many great figures in the history of political theory, and with as little specialization and one-sidedness as possible. Among political theorists his name is connected chiefly with pluralism. Here he has dwelt upon a really vital problem in political theory, and has done a great deal to bring it to popular attention. But in his attack upon the monistic theory of the state he has essentially propagated the ideas of other men—of Figgis and Maitland, Gierke and Duguit.

The present Laski miscellany exhibits the typical professor of political theory. You will find a graceful essay on Machiavelli and another on Rousseau. One can only say that they are very nice and useful, for studies of this sort are always justifiable as critical biography. Two other essays deal with education but the majority of those in the volume are concerned with the present problems of politics. Writing them originally for popular magazines, Professor Laski is presumably giving us his judgments upon questions that trouble the times. Yet all he does is to voice the criticisms of the present political system that have been heard so often that they have become commonplaces, and to offer constructive proposals that can hardly be called more than evasions. His basic ideas are so weak that he is always being carried away by the current of his themes, a fault that is also to be attributed in part to the demands of popular magazine writing. The result is often a farrago of inconsistencies. One is often at a loss to guess whether Professor Laski thinks that democracy has succeeded splendidly or failed dismally. One cannot be sure whether he is optimistic or despairing. A peculiarity all his own especially distinguishes

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him. Having lived in America as well as in England, he attempts to write with reference to the experience of readers on both sides of the water, with the result that he describes a sort of composite Anglo-American experience that has no real existence.

The essays are full of echoes and platitudes. The one called The American Political System is, as far as I can tell, compounded in various proportions of Walter Bagehot's "The English Constitution," Woodrow Wilson's "Congressional Government," Lindsay Rogers's "The American Senate," and Walter Lippmann's "The Phantom Public." One comes across cleverly worded paraphrases of "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and "government by the consent of the governed." In another essay, A Plea for Equality, we are solemnly told that "where there are rich and poor, educated and uneducated, we find always masters and servants. To be rich is to be powerful, to be educated is to have authority," and "what we call embezzlement in a junior clerk becomes high finance in a millionaire"; and there are many more remarks of the same character. At that it turns out that the plea for equality is really one for social justice. It is hard to see any reason for the avoidance of this idea except the desire to sound paradoxical. The opening essay, The Dangers of Obedience, which is a justification of the right of revolution and a call to revolt, has a theme which will be familiar to every Jeffersonian Democrat. Somehow I am not moved to go out and hit a policeman in Union Square; in fact, I am only left good and mad with its obvious parlor terrorism; I am somehow not comforted by the assurance that there have been revolutions that have succeeded.

I think that the essay The Recovery of Citizenship may especially be taken as the measure of Professor Laski's depth as a political thinker, since it preaches the gospel of pluralism with which his name is particularly associated. The meaning of democratic citizenship is to be recovered by the participation of the citizen in the activity of self-governing associations to which the state will concede various present functions of government. The association will be governed by councils, and in the work of general legislation the state will seek the benefit of their experience through advisory committees. Now, I will not argue about English experience, but as far as the American scene is concerned there is something very queer about this. It seems to me that Professor Laski is somewhat in the absurd position of an idealist who has dreamed so long of Utopia that he is unable to perceive that it has come to exist. In these United States political pluralism is practically an accomplished fact. There is in the first place no real conception of the state in American constitutional theory in any terms that would be familiar to a European political thinker. The people organized in their voluntary associations are the decisive factors in government. This fact was immediately perceived by another foreigner, Professor Siegfried, a realistic Frenchman and a more acute observer than Professor Laski, and the situation was admirably expounded in "America Comes of Age." Geographical political organization exists in the United States only upon a formal basis. The real power is exercised by scores of great associations of which the Anti-Saloon League, the American Federation of Labor, and the United States Chamber of Commerce are only a few of the greatest. The voluntary advisory committees which Professor Laski urges as aids to the legislatures puzzle me even more. Has Professor Laski never attended a hearing on a bill in Congress or a State legislature? The poor legislators are already besieged by advisory committees a plenty. The real problems of American pluralism that might have been considered are such ones as the viciousness of many of the associations and the absence of democratic control by the rank and file—in other words, it might have been perceived that even under pluralism the problems of political government often remain.

The place of business in the "future" pluralistic state apparently troubles Professor Laski particularly, for he considers the problem in a separate essay entitled Can Business Be Civilized? I pass over the fact that the issue might have been better stated Can Industry Be Socialized? But it is less easy to let rest the proffered idea that business be made into a "profession," presumably with ideals of service. The analogy is derived obviously from the existence of bar associations and medical associations, but it can hardly be considered as more than quaint in an age and country that has seen the professions degenerating into businesses to all intents and purposes. Professor Laski does not say very much of big business, but if he did he might discover perhaps the most powerful of all established forms of pluralism. In this he shares the blindness of all the exponents of political pluralism, who are always perplexed if not terrified by the threat of labor unions to the state but practically ignore the fully established power of the great corporations in the state. Yet the existence of this corporate pluralism is the decisive factor in the futility and sterility of political theory.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

This Negro

Not Without Laughter. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

HERE is the Negro in his most picturesque form—the blues-loving Negro, the spiritual-singing Negro, the exuberant, the impassioned, the irresponsible Negro, the Negro of ancient folk-lore and romantic legend. "Good-natured, guitar-playing Jim Boy"; Angee Rogers loving Jim Boy no matter where he goes or whom he lives with; Aunt Hager, the old mammy of a dead generation, "whirling around in front of the altar at revival meetings . . . her face shining with light, arms outstretched as though all the cares of the world had been cast away"; Harriet, "beautiful as a jungle princess," singing and jazzing her life away, sneering at sin as a white man's bogy, and burying beneath peals of laughter "a white man's war for democracy"; and Sandy, seeing his people as a "band of black dancers captured in a white world," and resolving to free them from themselves as well as from their white dictators—these are the Negroes of this novel, these the people who make it live with that quick and intimate reality which is seldom seen in American fiction.

"Not Without Laughter" continues the healthy note begun in Negro fiction by Claude McKay and Rudolph Fisher. Instead of picturing the Negro of the upper classes, the Negro who in too many instances has been converted to white norms, who even apes white manners and white morality and condemns the Negroes found in this novel as "niggers," McKay, Fisher, and Hughes have depicted the Negro in his more natural and more fascinating form. There can be no doubt that the Negro who has made great contributions to American culture is this type of Negro, the Negro who has brought us his blues, his labor songs, his spirituals, his folk-lore—and his jazz. And yet this very type of Negro is the one that has been the least exploited by contemporary Negro novelists and short-story writers. It has been white writers such as DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, Howard W. Odum, and Paul Green who have turned to this Negro for the rich material of their novels, dramas, and stories. These writers, however, have known this Negro only as an exterior reality, as something they could see, listen to, sympathize with, even love; they could never know him as an inner reality, as something they could live with as with themselves, their brothers, their sweethearts—something as real as flesh, as tense as pain. Langston Hughes does. As a Negro he has grown up with these realities as part of himself, as part of

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the very air he has breathed. Few blurs are there in these pages, and no fumbling projections, and no anxious searching for what is not. Here is this Negro, or at least one vital aspect of him, as he really is, without ornament, without pretense.

All this praise, however, must not be misconstrued. "Not Without Laughter" is not without defects of style and weaknesses of structure. The first third of the novel, in fact, arrives at its points of interest with a pedestrian slowness; after that it picks up tempo and plunges ahead. Unfortunately, there are no great situations in the novel, no high points of intensity to grip and overpower the reader. Nor is there vigor of style—that kind of vigor which could have made of Sandy's ambition to emancipate his race, for example, a more stirring motif. But "Not Without Laughter" is significant despite these weaknesses. It is significant because even where it fails, it fails beautifully, and where it succeeds—namely, in its intimate characterizations and in its local color and charm—it succeeds where almost all others have failed.

V. F. Calverton

Augustine of Tagaste

St. Augustine. By Giovanni Papini. Translated from the Italian by Dorothy Emmerich. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THE aim of the creative biographer is more simple of statement than accomplishment, but Signor Papini in his life of one great Christian apologist has avoided most of the difficulties by remaining apologist himself. He prefaces his book, in the main an abridgment of the "Confessions," by a necessarily strained comparison between the redemption of Papini and that of a saint "who had also been a man of letters and a lover of words, but at the same time a restless seeker after philosophies and truths even to the point of being tempted by occultism." And whatever its later conclusions, the same basic chord is struck again and again through the book.

The most sympathetic reviewer might be hard put to it to determine the specific value of such a volume aside from its importance as an addition to the literature of apologetics. Since Signor Papini has no additional light to shed on Augustine the man, on the fond woman, his mother, who doted on him, wept over him, and persecuted him in the manner of many mothers since whose sons have become saints or worse, on the irascible father who birched and cuffed him, and on the various teachers who misled him on the whole no more flagrantly than youth is misled today, we are further put to it to share in Signor Papini's rather introverted agitation. There is not the slightest doubt after reading the "Confessions" that Augustine of Tagaste was a good deal of a prig. But Signor Papini's apologetic leaves us in some confusion as to why he was a saint.

Such statements as that "Augustine did not wait for Freud to discover that the child from its mother's womb is less pure than most people believe" is not only pointless but, by inference, misleading. The doctrine of original sin preceded Augustine and was borrowed piecemeal from a cult some centuries at least older than Christianity. Nor is there any very apparent connection between categorical sin and the Freudian terminology.

By such triumphs of logic it is naturally possible to prove that the lily is white because the dandelion is yellow, but the results are no more informative than the answer to the riddle of the number of angels on the point of a pin. The normal reaction of the reader to such extended excursions into bafflement is one of mild disgust. If anything else were needed, it might be pointed out to Signor Papini that St. Augustine has written his own apologia.

Eugene Löhrke

Female Decorum

Years of Grace. By Margaret Ayer Barnes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THIS is a woman's novel about a woman's loves. And its limitations lie in the fact that it is so unmistakably, so exclusively feminine. We see Jane Ward, in the course of her pilgrimage from fourteen to fifty, in love three times—or rather in love twice and married once. When she is seventeen she loves the nineteen-year-old sculptor son of a French consul and an Englishwoman; when she is twenty she is married to a rising young banker whom her family looks on with a kindly eye; when she is thirty-six she falls in love again, with an agreeable vagabond who happens to be married to her best friend. And in each case she behaves with seemliness, with decorum, as her family expects her to, a little against the wishes of her own heart—except that she thinks her heart so unreliable a guide. She allows herself to be separated from the young sculptor and promises not to write him; she puts away resolutely the temptation to elope with the vagabond, although for the second time in her life she really loves and wants what love offers her. When her children, less bound by "conduct," by "grace," by what is fitting and orderly in human behavior, marry young and divorce without hesitation she is not shaken in her course. There are values, there are things one must do. In the end everything comes out at the same place anyway; meanwhile, one must not start things without finishing them.

This, of course, is an old theme and an always interesting one—the conflict between desire and duty—only Miss Barnes would not call it duty. She calls it "grace." It is an argument that not only each age but each individual in an age must settle for himself. To Jane Ward, the heroine of this book, love and individual desire did not matter so much as not making her parents unhappy, not doing foolish things, not hurting her husband's feelings although she no longer loved him, not endangering her children's status in the world by a divorce. To her daughter the only thing that mattered was that she wished to live with a man she loved instead of one she did not. Each man and woman must make his or her own choice in the matter. There are no rules. To do Miss Barnes justice, I do not think she intended to indicate any. She sets the problem: grace versus a kind of honesty and frankness; you follow your nature when you decide.

The excessively feminine character of the novel, however, does not lie in the theme, which is universal enough. It lies in the minute attention to details of dress, deportment, and house furnishing for the last fifty years in the United States, and especially in Chicago, where Jane Ward grew up, married, and brought up her children. There is, I should say, too much quaint costuming, too many rooms described too carefully, too much mise en scène, in short. The characters are smothered in a cloud of ruffles. Thus, much of the power of a family chronicle is lost. And the parallels between the generations are too apt. Exactly the same scene should not take place between Jane and Jimmy as took place between Lily Furness and Bert Lancaster twenty years before. History repeats itself, no doubt; but it should, in a fine novel, show some subtlety at the same time.

And there is no doubt that in many ways Miss Barnes's is a fine novel—thoughtful, impartial, wise. It wants cutting, perhaps, cutting out of some of the black-walnut furniture and the cotillions. Then her characters would stand out as they should have stood out—men and women beset by a harsh world. A novelist must play upon the heart; when she is sure of her skill at that she may turn her attention very expertly and discriminatingly to the eye.

Dorothy Van Doren

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Books in Brief

A Roumanian Diary. By Hans Carossa. Translated from the German by Agnes Neill Scott. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Hans Carossa's "Roumanian Diary" offers eloquent testimony to the saying that what is one man's meat is another's poison in the light of subjective analysis, and his little book, following hard after the deluge precipitated by "All Quiet," is a distinguished contribution to the war literature of the nations. Distinct from the general flood of war books whose purport is to draw an inference, if not to inculcate a lesson, "A Roumanian Diary" carries no message beyond its natural appeal to the philosophically-minded. Experience, the author would say, is color; and every subjective evaluation of events carries with it vistas beyond good and evil. Safety and comfort are less important when one reflects that few forms of suffering are wholly without compensation, if only in the realm of dreams, and in a world where much is confused the sharpness of pain and the pleasure of victory are never wholly separate. Hans Carossa was a physician before the war, and served with a Bavarian unit in both the Western and Eastern theaters of war. His diary offers little to those searching for war's terrors, splendors, or scenic horrors. But as the reaction of one quiet and sensitive soul to events which we suspect have been viewed too much from the outside, it is both beautiful and important.

Mitsou: or How Girls Grow Wise. By Colette. Translated from the French by Jane Terry. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

"Mitsou" is a better book than "Chéri," which came out in translation last year. Colette, within her limited range, is an extraordinary writer. She goes quickly and effortlessly to the point she is making, and beautifully as well. Part of this story is told in dialogue form, reminding one of a clever French comedy of four characters—Mitsou, the little dancer; her friend, Petite-Chose; the Man of Means, who provides for Mitsou; and the Lieutenant in Blue, whom she loves. Part of the story, the most charming part, is told through letters. Altogether the little volume contains as deft and delicate, and at the same time touching and witty, a story as one is likely to find for an afternoon's entertainment.

Droll Peter. By Felix Timmermans. Translated from the Flemish by Maida C. Darnton and Wilhelmina J. Paul. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

It is peculiarly appropriate that Timmermans, both an artist and a writer, should interpret Breughel, whose painting so much overlapped the boundaries of literature. Moreover, Timmermans, as a representative of those writers who consciously attempt to express the spirit of Flanders, naturally turns to the sixteenth-century painter for his inspiration, and the result is a remarkable example of cross-fertilization in the arts. In his earlier book, "Pallieter," Timmermans hymned the joy of life in a pseudo-naive style which attempted to regain qualities traditional with the Flemish peasantry. The story of Peter Breughel succeeds "Pallieter" very naturally and stresses the carnal side of Breughel, depicting him as the draftsman of dancing peasants, of the battle between the lean and the fat, and of panoramic and populous landscapes. It captures admirably his vitality, his activity, and the homely shrewdness of the proverbial wisdom which inspired much of his work. A tender kind of sentiment always present in Timmermans has developed in subtlety and charm since "Pallieter"; it is only when he attempts to interpret the Breughel of the Triumph of Death that he fails, for this writer is too cheerful, too contentedly pagan to suggest the mystical charnel-house atmosphere which lingers in paintings of that school. "Droll Peter" is a hearty, wholesome, vividly pictorial novel with a note of happiness unusual in modern writing.

Honey Holler. By Keith MacKaye. Brentano's. $2.

Keith MacKaye, grandson of Steele MacKaye and son of Percy MacKaye, was born into the tradition of the theater and of the poet; he has combined these two traditions in his poetic play "Honey Holler," set in the hilly border regions of southern Connecticut. The play is to be presented this season by the Harvard Dramatic Club. It has had the praise of Oliver Sayler, who writes the introduction, and of Barrett Clark. It is rich in poetry—in the poetry of speech and of an idealistic interpretation of life. In its characters there is an interweaving of the natural and the supernatural: the Leather Man, the most interesting character in the book, steps in and out of a well like a spirit of the water; he is, however, only in hiding there and turns out to be an actual person, a person whose whole message is the necessity of searching out beauty. It is this character's passion that frees Lil, the young girl, to go in search of love, but the maternal earth-spirit in a woman's blood brings her home again. All the characters are humorous, lazy dreamers who love talk, and the dialogue moves with a kind of lassitude typical of Honey Holler itself.

Wolfe and North America. By Lieutenant Colonel F. E. Whitton. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

In this volume the author first analyzes briefly the causes of the struggle between France and England for North America and gives the essential facts bearing upon the life and military training of General James Wolfe. Then he deals at some length with the Seven Years' War, in so far as Wolfe was concerned, with special reference to the general strategic situation around Quebec and to the particular strategy of Wolfe's campaign for the capture of that stronghold. Colonel Whitton has done an excellent piece of work. His account of Wolfe's life is vivid and interesting. His analysis of the situation in North America is illuminating, particularly so where he discusses the weaknesses in the supposedly efficient government of New France. His survey of the Quebec campaign will probably rank as the best thing in print on the subject. And in addition to the other merits, the author's style would bring distinction to any historical study.

The American Heresy. By Christopher Hollis. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

The great American heresy, as Mr. Hollis appears to see it, is the notion that America is still a democracy. It started out as a democracy under Jefferson and would have continued as such if Calhoun had had his way, but the Jeffersonian state died with the Civil War. The cause of its demise was the destruction of the States as political units, thanks to which the political power has largely passed out of the hands of its nominal holders and into those of wealth, so that America, like England, is now a plutocracy working "through an apparently democratic mechanism." The natural consequence of this change has been "a collapse of the capacity for political thought." Down to the Civil War politics was a live matter and there were two well-defined theories of what the nation should be. Since the Civil War and Reconstruction there has been only one theory, and that non-political and earthy. What may happen in the remote future Mr. Hollis thinks it would be foolish to predict, but for the immediate future he sees no prospect of "any large change." The book is not exactly a narrative history, but rather a series of four elaborate essays on Jefferson, Calhoun, Lincoln, and Wilson. The general style

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SCIENCE AND THE SPAN OF LIFE *by* T. Swann Harding
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and tone may be gathered from the opening sentence of the essay on Jefferson: "Thomas Jefferson was a sandy-haired man, an architect, a market gardener, and the author of curious works—one, to refute the Comte de Buffon, on American animal life, and another, also on American animal life, called the Declaration of Independence."

The Anatomy of Music. By Winthrop Parkhurst. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

When the layman seeks knowledge about musical structure he is usually rebuffed by technicalities and baffled by explanations that he does not understand. Harmony and counterpoint seem to be recondite matters intelligible only through an innate musical sense. By such a seeker Mr. Parkhurst's book will be blessed. It removes the veils of pedantry, and shows that the arcana of tonal combinations are actually quite simple. Amateur listeners will be benefited by reading it, and prospective students of harmony will find it a lucid introduction.

Stories of the Great Operas. By Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Some operatic libretti being almost as involved as the quantum theory, guidebooks are always in demand, though not all of them can be trusted implicitly. To have Ernest Newman as a cicerone is to be assured of accuracy, clarity, and geniality. In this volume he disentangles the plots of five operas by Verdi, three by Puccini, and one each by Gounod, Bizet, Offenbach, and Humperdinck. Brief biographies of the composers are included.

Films

Where Broadway Scores

THOSE inscrutable ways of Providence! Haven't we all been bewailing the pernicious influence of Broadway on the youthful and inexperienced talkie? Haven't we been deploring the latter's readiness to ape the ways and habits of the stage, while suppressing the promptings of its own cinematic nature? Today we have to admit that Broadway's influence has not been all for the bad. With the milk of Broadway dialogue Hollywood has been obliged to imbibe some of its intelligence as well. No doubt, in the perspective of even a few years Broadway successes are apt to lose a great deal of their glamor. But in one respect they are undeniably superior to Hollywood creations: they represent adult standards of intelligence if not always of artistic appreciation. Injection of intelligence into pictures by means of dialogue may not be an unmixed blessing from the point of view of future developments, but the future will take care of itself. For the present it is a relief to encounter pictures which are not made expressly for the juvenile mind.

In this class belongs "Holiday" (Rivoli), based on Philip Barry's play of the same name. Of cinematic values expressive of its own medium "Holiday" has none. It has hardly a scene to suggest the searching power of the camera. The development of its plot is borne entirely by its dialogue, and no attempt is made to indulge in cinematic embroidery on the principal theme of the film, the rebellion of romantic youth against Babbittry, even when the story provides such an excellent opportunity as the ballroom scene.

In short, the direction of the film follows faithfully the stage model. And yet "Holiday" is undoubtedly one of the best talkies produced. It is distinguished both by the quality of the play and by the acting. Its story and dialogue, if not

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profound or important, are fresh and entertaining. Its acting is light and expressive. Ann Harding in the part of Linda deserves the highest honors, for not only is her acting polished, but what is more it is convincing—no mean achievement in a part as vague and contradictory as that of Linda. Miss Harding is also the fortunate possessor of a rare gift among the screen actresses, a voice of a very beautiful timbre, with a tragic note in its well-modulated range of expressions which rings true.

Even if we have to come down a step—intellectually—in adjusting ourselves to the true Hollywood standards, we cannot help giving credit to, and even grudgingly admiring, the display of realistic thrills that is provided in "The Big House" (Astor). This is a mighty good melodrama rising to a climax in the breath-taking spectacle of a pitched battle between mutinous convicts and the authorities. Apart from this scene the chief interest of the film lies in its picture of prison life, a subject sufficiently unfamiliar to the majority of movie-goers to seem startling. It is, of course, only for the experts to say whether the details of the picture are entirely authentic. They have surely enough truth in them, however, to serve as a needed revelation of this ghastly aspect of our civilization. Probably the effect would be even stronger if the story showed a little more originality and eschewed stock characters. But Hollywood will be Hollywood.

In "Raffles" (Rialto) Ronald Colman is no longer the sprightly, easy-going adventurer with a bent for sardonic humor whom we knew in "Bulldog Drummond" and "Condemned." His spell seems to be broken, his touch is no longer sure, and now and again we doubt if this is really the great Raffles. Perhaps in his next picture Mr. Colman will oblige us with something that comes nearer to his stature as a fascinating villain.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

Plays to See

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†Lysistrata—44 St.—44 St., W. of B'way.
†Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45 St.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
*The Last Mile—Sam H. Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.

Films

All Quiet on the Western Front—Central—47 St. and B'way.

Behind the German Lines—Beginning Friday, August 1, Eighth Street Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.

Mr. & Mrs. Gifford Pinchot's Cruise—Plaza Theater—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.

Mr. & Mrs. Gifford Pinchot's Cruise—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.

News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.

Old and New—Beginning Saturday, August 2, Fifth Avenue Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.

Siegfried—55 St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.

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The Struggle for Power in Persia

By JAN VAN AS

NOWHERE so much as in Persia is one struck by the tragic fate of a nation. A weakened, obstructed, pestered, exploited country has replaced the glorious Iranian empire that at one time reigned eastward as far as Greece and Egypt and westward beyond Samarkand and the Pamir. The land of Darius and Cyrus, symbolized by a silver lion and a golden sun, has lost its former power and glory.

The Persian admits that only a progressive program can restore the country, but as a rule he is not able to tear out his deep-rooted fanaticism, his superstition, and his bigotry. Many things, however, have changed for the better since the dictator-king Reza Khan has governed the country. Reza Khan, who has had a very romantic career, a man with great ambitions, much common sense, and a strong will, climbed his way cleverly from the low ranks of a common soldier to the illustrious peacock throne. Not only did he have to sail through a thick fog of Russian and English intrigue, but he had also to steer clear of the very influential Mohammedan priesthood. He reformed the army, hanged the bandits, repaired the roads, made traveling safe, attempted to do away with open corruption, and robbed the Mohammedan priesthood of its undue influence. By his endeavors he inaugurated a new period in Persian history. He has laid the foundations for a new Iran.

After Reza Khan's successful coup d'etat, the government was centralized in Teheran, and an army of officials who were directly responsible to the central government was appointed throughout the country. The autonomous governors of the provinces were replaced by responsible officials. This constituted a radical reform, but these new officials were bent on their personal enrichment and promotion. Under the dictatorial regime the parliament is a sham. It owes its existence merely to the fulfilment of a constitutional paragraph and has not the least influence upon national or foreign affairs. There are no political parties in our sense of the word in Persia; the parliamentary work is entirely in the hands of the Shah and his intelligent adviser Taimur Tash. Illiteracy is so great that it is easy for a strong group to influence public opinion through personal contact, and a corrupt system of elections can hardly be expected to improve the caliber of parliament.

I am convinced that a moral revolution in Persia will have to prepare the way for a material improvement. The various currents of national revival are promising signs in that direction. They usually converge upon the elimination of Arabic and Islamic domination, which among the intellectuals is felt more and more to be of foreign origin and a detriment to the well-being of the country. I think chiefly of the Babi movement, almost unnoticed but widespread, and the Pan-Iranian movement, directed chiefly by Zoroastrians.

But Persia has some strong enemies, who are loath to see her growing independence. The rivalry between England and Russia has kept both from occupying the country. To Peter the Great of Russia has been attributed a last will—authorities on the subject, however, have declared it unauthentic—which illustrates the imperialistic policy which he inaugurated in Central Asia. Paragraph 9 of this document has been the sacred guide for the Russian policies in the Orient. Part of it reads as follows: "He who reigns in Constantinople and India will be the real sovereign of the world. Therefore continually wage war, now with Turkey, then with Persia, . . . hasten the downfall of Persia, penetrate to the Persian Gulf, . . . advance as far as India, the storehouse of the world." Russia has always been inspired by this apocryphal document, and although the red revolution has steered the Oriental policy of Russia in another direction, the Soviet government has not entirely abandoned this imperial order of Peter the Great. Theoretically the Russian attitude toward Persia has been changed profoundly, but practically the principle of penetration is still fully applied. Russian propaganda in Persia is chiefly of a commercial nature. There are no important traces of direct propaganda, which incidentally is forbidden. Individual propaganda for communism is mainly in the hands of Persian-speaking Russians from Azerbaijan.

Public opinion, however, has been influenced favorably by the Russian treaty of February 26, 1921, in which the Soviet government declares Russia's renunciation of the policy of force in regard to Persia. Wishing to see the Persian people independent, flourishing, and freely controlling the whole of their own possessions, the government of the U.S.S.R. declared all treaties, conventions, and agreements concluded by the Czarist government with Persia and tending to the diminution of the rights of the Persian people completely null and void. In accordance with these principles, Russia restored the Persian frontier established by the Frontier Commission of 1881, the islands of Ashur Ada, and the other islands lying along the coast of the province of Astrabad. Furthermore, it returned the village of Firuze and the land surrounding it. The contracting parties agreed that in case there should be attempts by means of armed intervention to realize a "rapacious policy" on the territory of Persia, or to turn that territory into a base for military action against the Soviets, the latter would have the right to take troops into Persia. This is clearly directed against England.

Russia also declared its complete rejection of that financial policy which the Czarist government pursued and which was aimed at Persia's political bondage. None of the Russian loans would have to be repaid; Russia handed over to the Persian people its entire vested interests in Persia, surrendered the strategic Enzeli-Teheran and the Kazvin-Hamadan roads built by the Russians, the railways between Djulfa, Tabriz, and Lake Urumiya with all their buildings, rolling stock, quays, stores of goods, barges, and steamers,

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all the telegraph and telephone lines within the Persian boundaries, and the port of Enzeli.

One can easily understand what effect this Russian generosity had upon the Persians. Through personal inquiry and investigation into Persian sympathies I have come to the conclusion that the Englishman in most cases does not curry popular approval. The uneducated Persian is inclined to acknowledge the Russian policy as disinterested, the English one, however, as egotistic, although England ably camouflages her activities. England is considered the silent, omnipotent Power.

Russian dumping methods kill off Persian commerce, but the Persian sees only the direct advantages of the cheaper sugar and cheaper printed cotton goods under which the Russians are burying the market. Private enterprise was powerless against the superiority of the Russian trade monopoly. Russia captured about 50 per cent of the trade. Russian oil was sold in the south cheaper than that of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which has its oil fields right on the spot. Every four or five months a Soviet steamer used to anchor at the port of Buschir in the Persian Gulf. Frightened by the presence of cheap wares, the merchants in the southern towns started lowering their prices. Long after the goods have been taken out of the market for consumption, the confusion remains.

Persia has been badly in need of a railroad, but every attempt at building one has been nipped in the bud. A trans-Persian railway would break the isolation of the country, reduce the immense import expenses, improve the distribution and export of home products, and act as a dynamo for the development of Persian economic resources. The history of railroad building is covered by a heavy cloud of intrigue. Neither England nor Russia has been willing to tolerate the building of one. For a long time they seem to have been of the opinion that no railway at all was by far the best solution of the problem. The country itself was never able to supply the necessary funds, and to a loan were attached certain conditions that would have strangled the independence of Persia.

But in 1928 Reza Khan succeeded in overcoming all these obstacles and made a contract with a German-American company to build a line which will connect the Caspian Sea with the Persian Gulf. The Soviet government would have preferred that a transversal line were built instead of a trans-Persian one—namely, from the Black Sea through Soviet Armenia over Tabriz to Teheran, linking up with the trans-Caucasian railway. But Reza Khan had little sympathy with such a line. He has royal ambitions which would be frustrated if Persia should become communized.

Persia, aiming at economic and political independence, will try to cover expenses out of the national budget. A sugar and tea monopoly, created by the law of May, 1925, is supposed to finance this enterprise. Unfortunately, the burden will have to be carried by the poor, who live mainly on tea, bread, and grapes. On account of the heavy import duties and the costs of transportation, prices are already much too high for the impoverished country. Moreover, the bulk of the money will leave the country. But the future of Persia and the restoration of Iran depend almost entirely on the success of this undertaking. The peaceful penetration of the trans-Persian railway marks the beginning of a new era.

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